

INVADER ZIM™

VOLUME 1



Created by
JHONEN VASQUEZ



INVADER ZIM™

VOLUME 1

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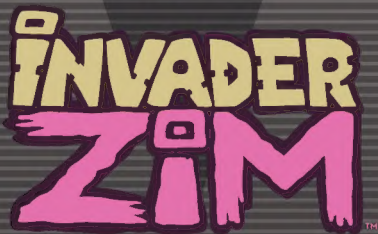
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as ZIM

ANDY BERMAN
as DIB

ROSEARIK "RIKKI" SIMONS
as GIR

MELISSA FAHN
as GAZ

AND

RODGER BUMPASS
as PROFESSOR MEMBRANE



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PREVIOUSLY ON INVADER ZIM

WITH
RECAP
KID



Gonna read this comic, huh? It's a good thing you ran into me before ya did! I'm pretty much an **INVADER ZIM** expert! **YEAH!** And-AND I should probably catch you up on everything that happened **BEFORE** the comic! **HAH!** Did you-uhhh-did you know that **INVADER ZIM** wasn't always a comic? I think it was a puppet show back before comics!

Anyhow- hah cough cough! **INVADER ZIM** is about an alien named **ZIM** from a race of aliens named the **IRKENS**. He was pretty unpopular with his own people, so his leaders **THE ALMIGHTY TALLEST**, played a funny joke and sent him to a part of space nobody cares about: **EARTH!** Isn't that funny? It's funny because **WE** live on Earth! Pretty good.



ZIM never knows it's a joke, so he goes to Earth, all serious with his insane **S.I.R.** unit named **GIR** (he's a little robot!) and does what **INVADERS** do, infiltrate a planet to study its weaknesses so the **IRKEN** armada can conquer it! That's pretty scary, but it's also dumb because **ZIM** is really awful at being an **INVADER**. **Ahahahahah! HE'S SO AWFUL AND THAT'S WHY I LAUGH!**

AAAAGH! I forgot to tell you about Dib! He's ZIM's nemesis, a human boy from ZIM's class at school! **AGH!** I forgot that, too! ZIM disguises himself as a kid (real badly!) and goes to school to study the humans, and Dib sees right through his disguise, but nobody else believes him, which I think is weird because ZIM's disguise is pretty bad. I dunno, I guess that's pretty funny, but also maybe that's just lazy writing. **HAH!** That's funny too!! **HAH!** Anyhow, they fight a lot. And yell.



Dib's sister also knows that ZIM is an alien, but she doesn't care. She knows ZIM is too stupid to ever do anything right, so she spends most of her time torturing her brother and playing video games. **SHE LOVES VIDEO GAMES!** Uh... uhhh... what else? **I'M PRETTY EXCITED RIGHT NOW!** **AAAAGH! OKAY!** Okay... so that's kinda all you need to know, y'know? ZIM is an alien, Dib knows it, and Gaz is all *ppfffft!*

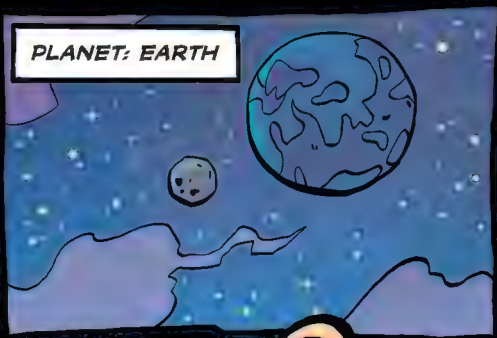
I HAHAH! cough cough! **UHH,** so that's pretty much all you need to know! There's other stuff, but I'm kinda tired now and I dunno that it's **THAT** important anyhow! Just remember, lots of fighting and jokes, and aliens, and uh... actually, you should hear about my **INVADER ZIM** episode I wrote! Yeah, I wrote one myself and I think it's pretty good! So it starts in my house, and I'm in it, and I'm all "**HEY-**



AND NOW...



SPACE



PLANET: EARTH



ADDRESS: MEMBRANE RESIDENCE,
HOME OF PROFESSOR MEMBRANE AND
HIS CHILDREN, DIB AND GAZ.

TIME: DINNER

DAUGHTER,
PREPARE FOR
THE AWESOME
EVENTUALITY...



...OF
DINNER!

I, FOODIO 3000, HOPE
YOU LOVE WHAT I HAVE
MADE FOR YOU. ALSO,
WHAT IS LOVE?

HONEY, YOUR
BROTHER'S
FOOD IS GETTING
COLD. GO GET
HIM, WOULD
YOU?

BUT, DAD,
I DON'T WANT TO.
HE'S MORE AWFUL
THAN USUAL, AND
HIS ROOM SMELLS
LIKE *SICK*.

I *KNOW*
IT DOES, HONEY.
I *KNOW*.



HEY, DIB!
DAD WANTS YOU TO
COME TO DINNER, BUT I
WANT YOU AND YOUR
STINK TO STAY
IN YOUR
ROOM!

YOU KNOW I
CAN'T LEAVE, GAZ.
I HAVE TO WAIT,
AND WATCH.

JUST SHOVE
THE FOOD INTO
THE ROOM LIKE
USUAL, GAZ.

PONG

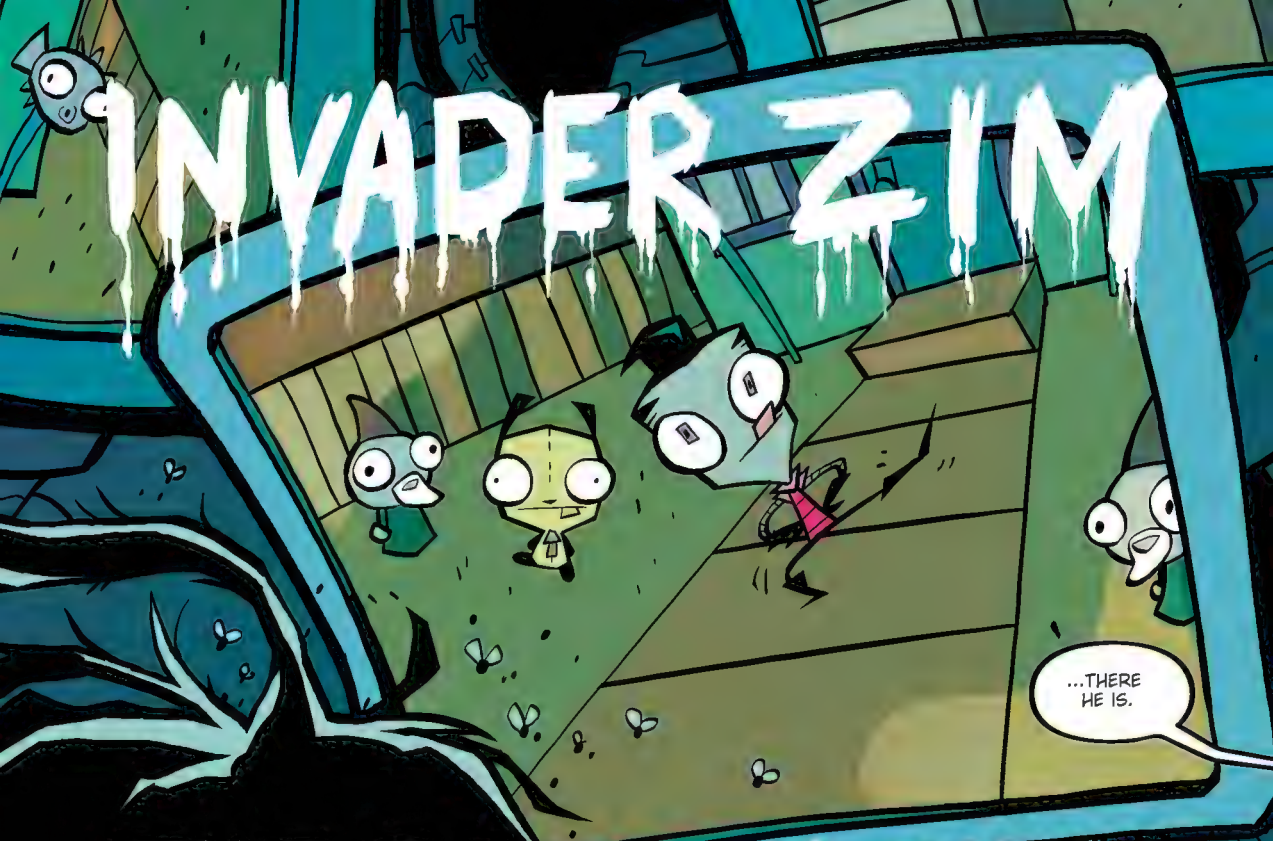
HEY, WHERE'S
THE SHOVING STICK?
I CAN'T SHOVE THE
FOOD WITHOUT THE
SHOVING STICK.

THERE HASN'T
BEEN A SIGN OF
ZIM FOR...WHAT
FEELS LIKE YEARS,
GAZ, BUT I'M
NOT FOOLED.

AS EARTH'S
GREATEST DEFENDER,
I'LL SIT HERE AND WATCH
AND WAIT FOR AS LONG
AS IT TAKES TO FIND
OUT WHAT HE'S
UP TO.

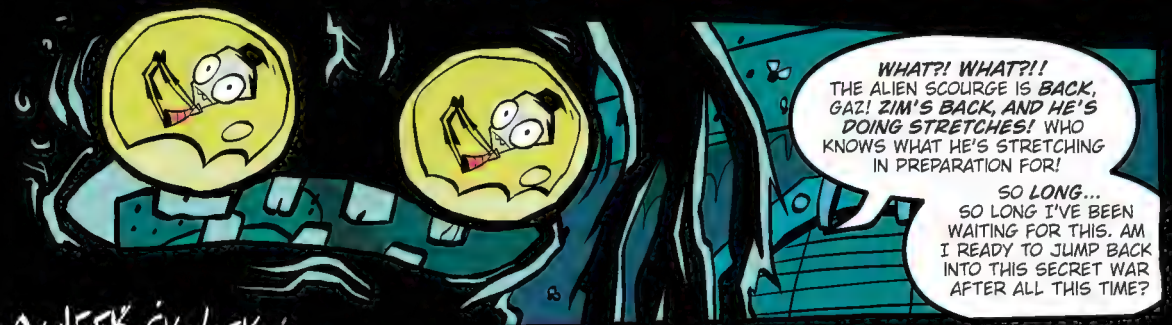
I THINK YOU
HIDING IN HERE
FOREVER IS *AWESOME*,
DIB, BUT ZIM *HAS* BEEN
GONE A LONG TIME. LET
IT GO. MOVE ON. TAKE A
BATH. IT WAS FUNNY AT
FIRST, BUT NOW IT'S
JUST AWFUL AND
GROSS. YOU'RE
GROSS, DIB.

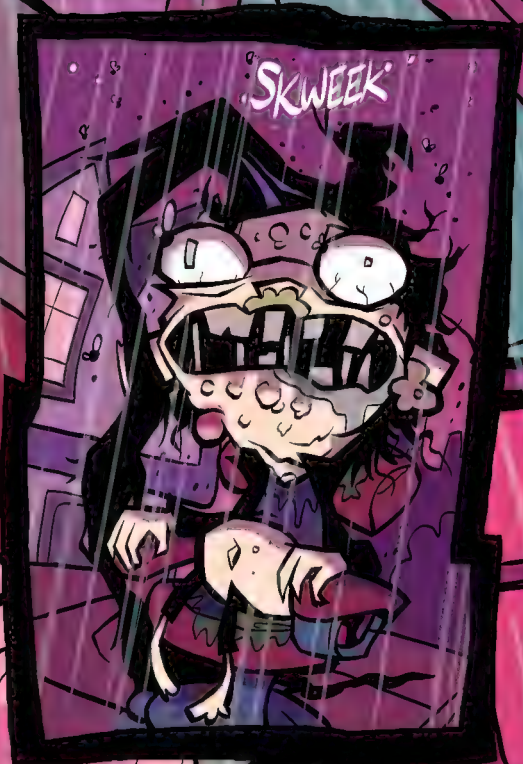
ZIM MIGHT
NEVER SHOW UP
AGAIN AND YOU'LL
JUST BE WASTING
YOUR-OH WAIT,
NEVERMIND...

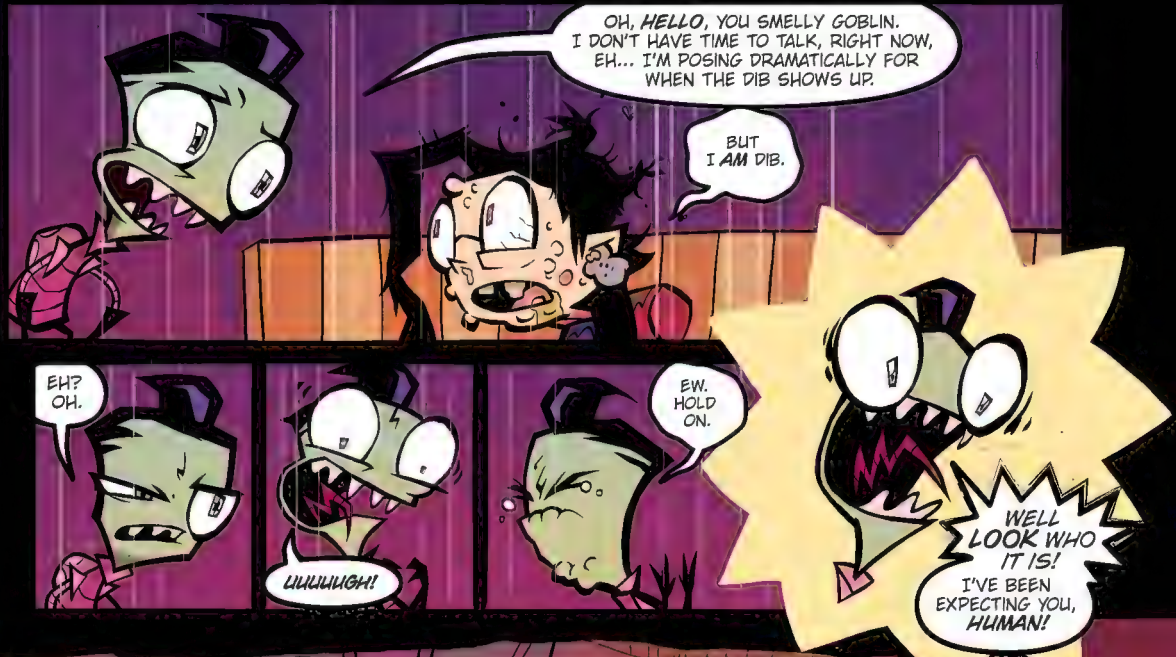


INVADER ZIM

THE RETURNENING







OH, HELLO, YOU SMELLY GOBLIN. I DON'T HAVE TIME TO TALK, RIGHT NOW, EH... I'M POSING DRAMATICALLY FOR WHEN THE DIB SHOWS UP.

BUT I AM DIB.

EH? OH.

LUUUUUUUH!

EW. HOLD ON.

WE'LL LOOK WHO IT IS!
I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU, HUMAN!



I CAN TELL. YOU SET UP RAIN SPRINKLERS AND STROBE LIGHTS AND EVERYTHING.

YOU CAN'T PROVE ANYTHING!

ANYHOW, I'M SURE YOUR TINY, HUMAN MIND IS FULL OF QUESTIONS, YES? ASK AWAY, DIB.

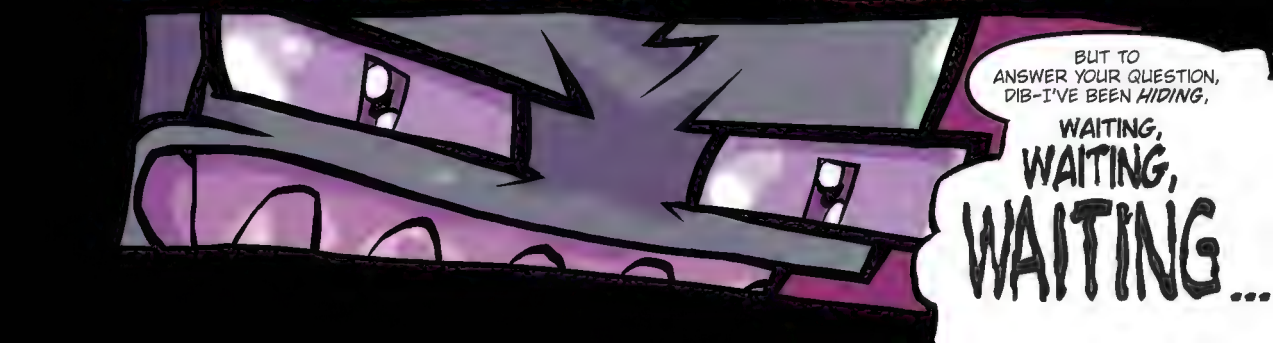


WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, ZIM? I'VE BEEN WATCHING CAMERA FEEDS OF YOUR HOUSE, THE SCHOOL, THAT HOT DOG PLACE YOU LOVE SO MUCH.

NO, G/R LOVES THAT PLACE. I THINK IT'S DIRTY.

I ATE BABY THERE.

HE DID.



BUT TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION, DIB-I'VE BEEN HIDING,

WAITING,
WAITING,
WAITING...

FLASHBACK!

Ehheh.

Ehhhehhhehh.

Hehhh...

EHHHHHHhehheh...

NYEHhhehhehh...

haha
hahah!

Heh.
Hehheh.

AHHA
HAHA!
MUA
HAHAHAH!

NYEE
HEEHEHEHEHEHE!

MUAHAHA
HAHAH!
COMPUTER,
LAUGH WITH
ME!

**I DON'T
WANT TO.**



ALL THIS TIME YOU WERE SITTING IN YOUR HOUSE, INSIDE A TOILET?



YES.

LIKE... ALL THIS TIME?

THAT'S RIGHT.

DID YOU HAVE TO SIT IN THE TOILET TO HIDE?

DO NOT EVEN TRY TO UNDERSTAND THE WAYS OF MY PEOPLE, DIB!



I DON'T KNOW IF I WANT TO NOW.

KNOW ONLY THAT MY PLAN WORKED **BETTER** THAN I EVER COULD HAVE IMAGINED, HUMAN DIB!



FROM THE MOMENT I SET MY AMAZING ZIM-FOOT ON THIS SAD LITTLE WORLD, YOU'VE BEEN THERE LIKE A SQUAK IN MY SHMOOPSQUIZZ.

A WHAT IN YOUR HUHP?

UH HUHP! BUT **DESPITE** ALL MY INGENUOUS ATTEMPTS TO BLEND IN WITH THE HUMANS, YOU WEREN'T FOOLED LIKE THE OTHERS. YOU WERE **DIFFERENT**, MORE CLEVER, PERSISTENT, **UGLIER**.

ACTUALLY, MY **SISTER** KNOWS YOU'RE AN ALIEN, TOO.



AH, YES, YOUR **SISTER**, OR SHOULD I SAY...

GAZ!

I'VE BEEN
EXPECTING
YOU.

THAT'S *NOT*
MY SISTER, ZIM.
THAT'S A SHRUB.

OH.
GIR, I
THOUGHT I
TOLD YOU TO
MOW THE
LAWN!

OooooOOOoh.

I THOUGHT
YOU SAID MOW
THE PLANT SOME
SHRUBS.

ANYHOW,
IT WAS THAT
PERSISTENCE
I HAD TO DEAL
WITH, AND NOW
I HAVE.

WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT? DEALT
WITH **HOW?**

JUST
LOOK AT
YOU!

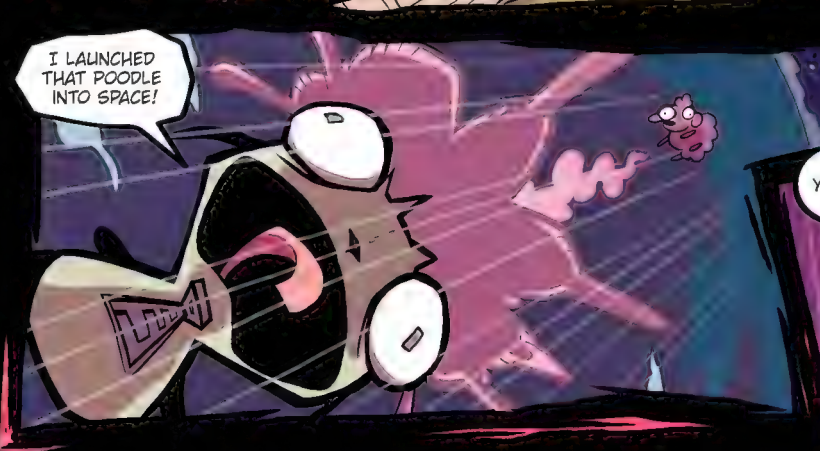
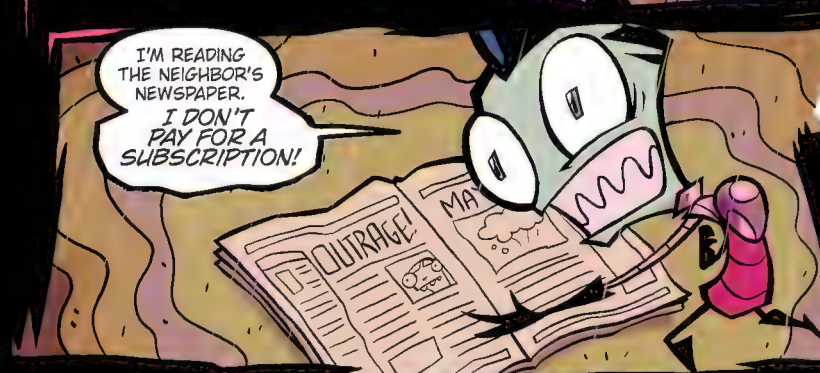
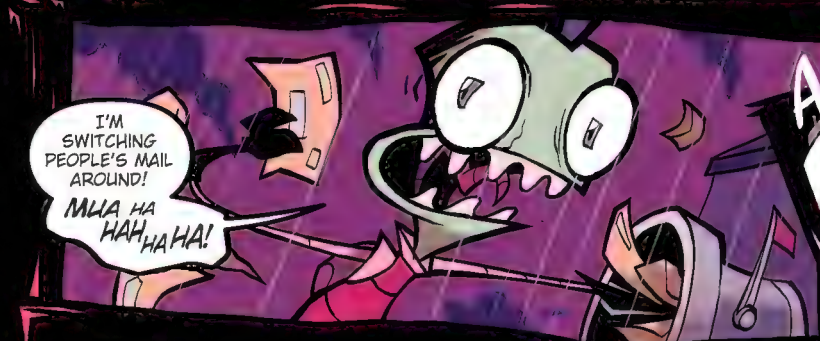
I KNEW
THAT IF I LAID
LOW LONG ENOUGH,
YOU'D JUST *SIT* THERE,
WAITING, YOUR BODY
GROWING MORE AND
MORE USELESS. YOU
WOULD BE **HELPLESS**
TO STOP ME.

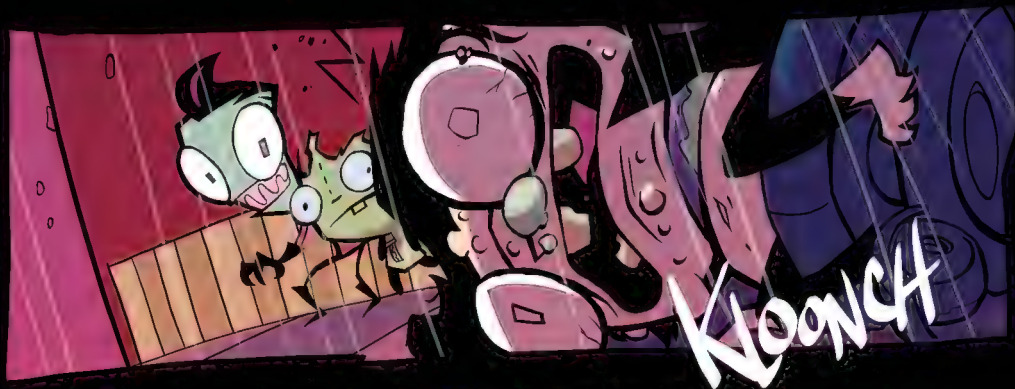
NOW, DIB...

...WATCH
HELPLESSLY
WITH YOUR NASTY,
WEAK SELF...

...WATCH AS
ZIM TAKES ON YOUR
PLANET **UNOPPOSED!**

REIGN OF TERROR



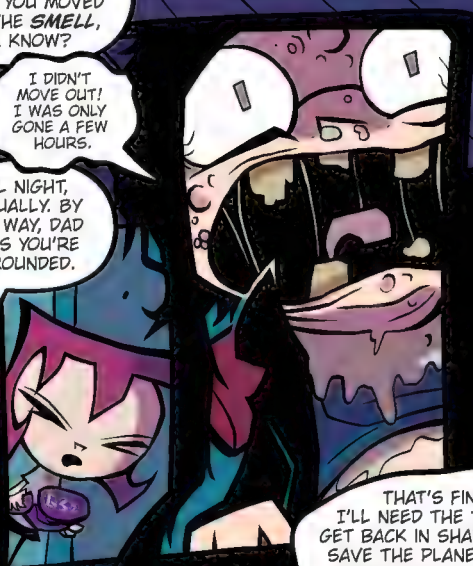




OH, YOU'RE BACK. WE HAD TO BURN EVERYTHING AFTER YOU MOVED OUT. THE **SMELL**, YA KNOW?

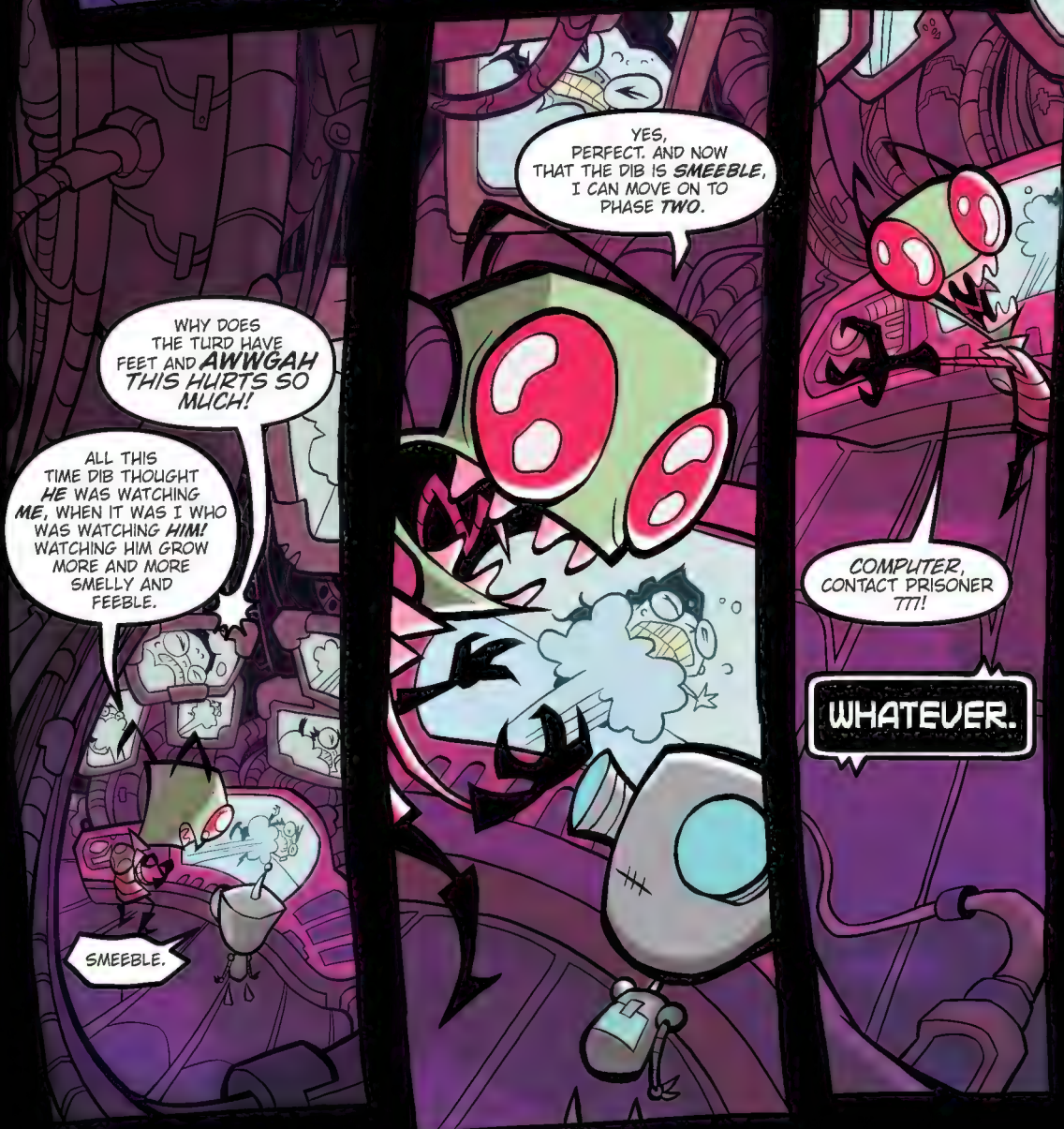
I DIDN'T MOVE OUT! I WAS ONLY GONE A FEW HOURS.

ALL NIGHT, ACTUALLY. BY THE WAY, DAD SAYS YOU'RE GROUNDED.



THAT'S FINE. I'LL NEED THE TIME TO GET BACK IN SHAPE. CAN'T SAVE THE PLANET IN THIS **CONDITION**. NOW WATCH OUT, GAZ. IT'S TIME FOR **MY COMEBACK**.







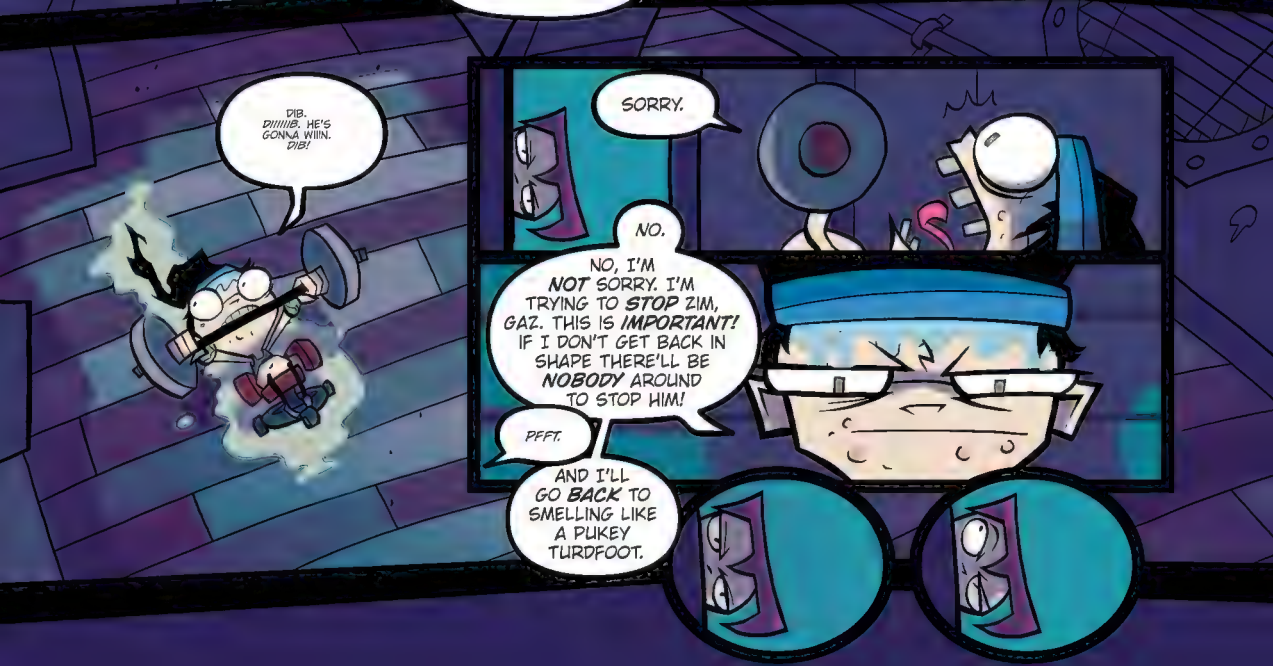
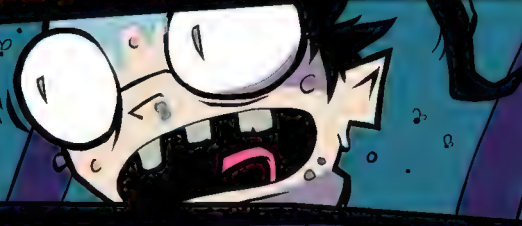
HE'S GONNA DO IT!
HEE'S GONNA
DEWWWW IIIIT!

DUN DUN DUN DUN
DIIIIIB!!

DUN
DUN!

DIB!
HE'S GONNA
WIN!

ARE YOU
SINGING YOUR
OWN MONTAGE
MUSIC?
I THOUGHT
IT WAS COO-
YOU CAN'T
SING YOUR OWN
MONTAGE MUSIC.



DIB.
DIIIIIB, HE'S
GONNA WIN.
DIB!

SORRY.

NO.

NO, I'M
NOT SORRY. I'M
TRYING TO STOP ZIM,
GAZ. THIS IS IMPORTANT!
IF I DON'T GET BACK IN
SHAPE THERE'LL BE
NOBODY AROUND
TO STOP HIM!

PFFT.

AND I'LL
GO BACK TO
SMELLING LIKE
A PUKEY
TURDFOOT.



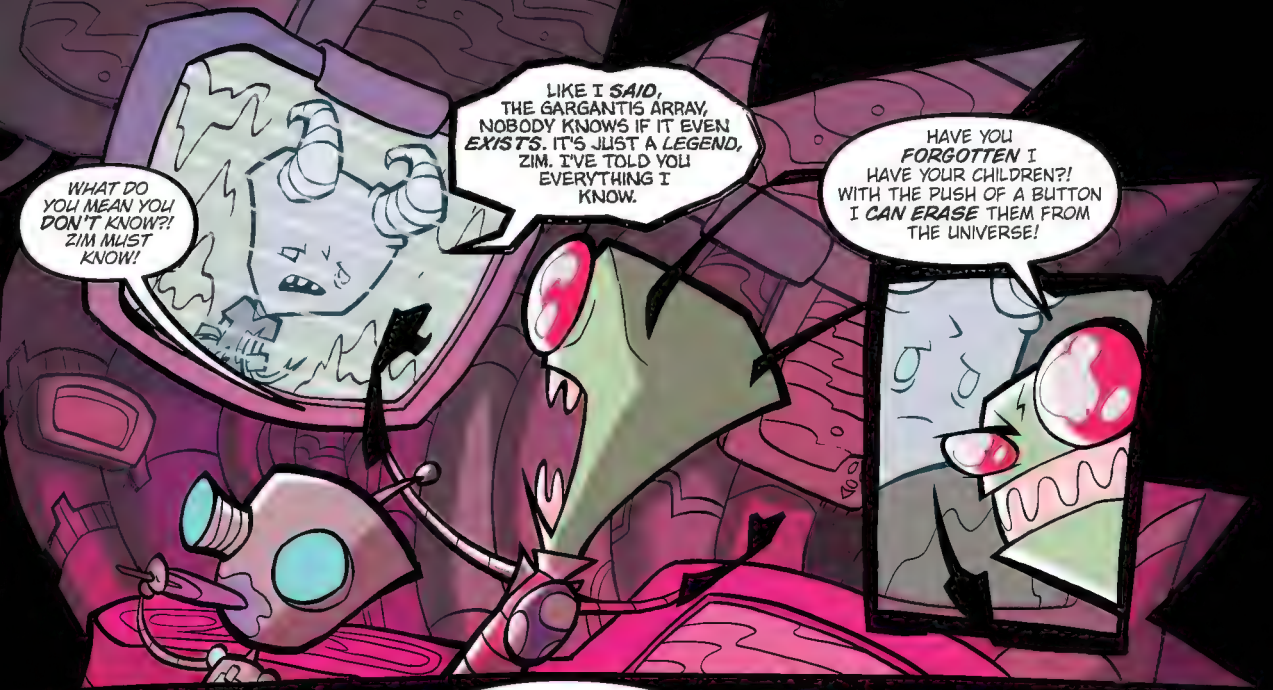


DIIB!
YOU'RE
ALMOST
REEEADY!

SQUEEDLY
SQUEEDLY
SQUEEE

YOU'RE
GONNA
WIIIIINN!

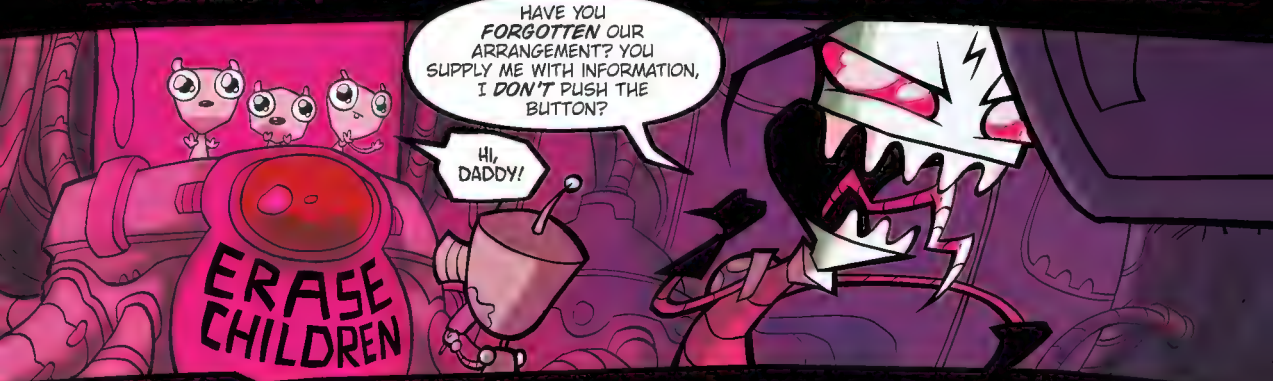
HRRRRRRR
RRGGGHHH!!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW? ZIM MUST KNOW!

LIKE I SAID, THE GARGANTIS ARRAY, NOBODY KNOWS IF IT EVEN EXISTS. IT'S JUST A LEGEND, ZIM. I'VE TOLD YOU EVERYTHING I KNOW.

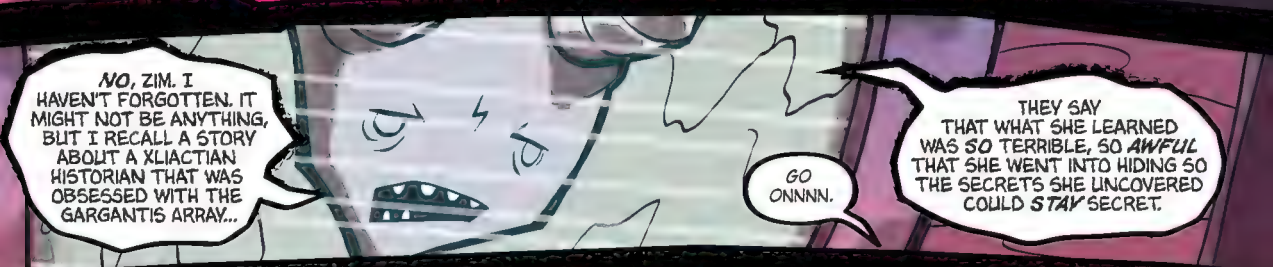
HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN I HAVE YOUR CHILDREN? WITH THE PUSH OF A BUTTON I CAN ERASE THEM FROM THE UNIVERSE!



HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN OUR ARRANGEMENT? YOU SUPPLY ME WITH INFORMATION, I DON'T PUSH THE BUTTON?

HI, DADDY!

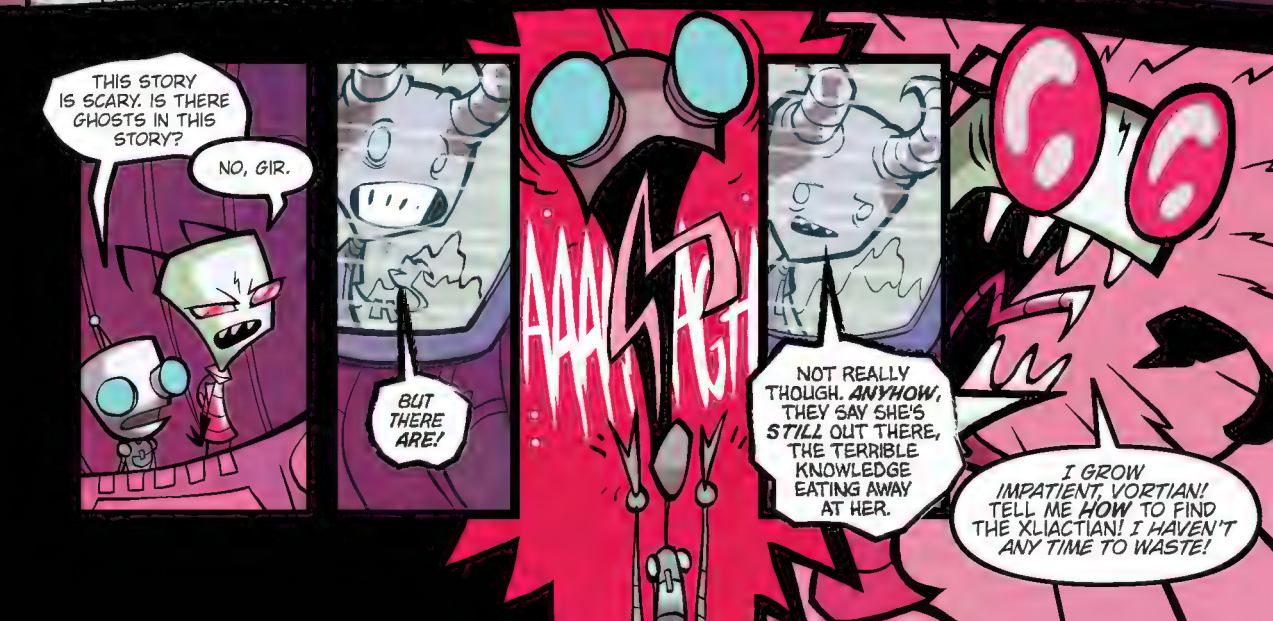
ERASE CHILDREN



NO, ZIM. I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN. IT MIGHT NOT BE ANYTHING, BUT I RECALL A STORY ABOUT A XLIATION HISTORIAN THAT WAS OBSESSED WITH THE GARGANTIS ARRAY...

GO ONNNN.

THEY SAY THAT WHAT SHE LEARNED WAS SO TERRIBLE, SO AWFUL THAT SHE WENT INTO HIDING SO THE SECRETS SHE UNCOVERED COULD STAY SECRET.



THIS STORY IS SCARY. IS THERE GHOSTS IN THIS STORY?

NO, GIR.

BUT THERE ARE!

NOT REALLY THOUGH. ANYHOW, THEY SAY SHE'S STILL OUT THERE, THE TERRIBLE KNOWLEDGE EATING AWAY AT HER.

I GROW IMPATIENT, VORTIAN! TELL ME HOW TO FIND THE XLIATION! I HAVEN'T ANY TIME TO WASTE!

ONE WEEK LATER.



THEY'VE RUINED THIS SHOW, GIR. NOT A SINGLE ORIGINAL CAST MEMBER REMAINS.

MHMMM.

I WOULD LIKE THE PURPLE ONE TO BE DEAD.

BAM
BAM
BAM

I'M BACK, ZIM! I'M BACK AND BETTER THAN EVER!

THE DIB HAS RETURNED! CURSE YOU, GIR! CURSE YOU AND YOUR BINGE-WATCHING!

I WOULD'VE BEEN BACK SOONER, BUT I HAD TO ACTUALLY UNDO SOME OF MY BACKNESS. SERIOUSLY, I GOT HUGE. IT WAS GROSS, BUT NOW HERE I AM! COME OUT AND FACE ME!

COMPUTER! READY THE VOOT CRUISER.

GIR, BRING ME MY SPACEPANTS! IT IS TIME.

MASTER... A LONG TIME AGOOOO, I ASKED YOU FOR A PUPPY. YOU SAID "BILLY, WHEN YOU'RE OLDER, MAYBE. MAYBE..." WELL, I'M OLDER NOW, MASTER. DID YOU LIE TO ME?

GET.

MY.

SPACEPANTS.

POOM

I KNOW
YOU'RE IN THERE,
ZIM!
COME OUT
AND FACE
ME!

NYAH!

WHAT? HE
CAN'T COME
OUT RIGHT
NOW?

NYAH!

HE'S *BUSY*?
I *KNOW* HE'S BUSY.
I'M HERE TO *STOP*
HIM FROM WHATEVER
HE'S BUSY WITH.

NYAH?

ME? I'M DIB.
I'M ZIM'S MORTAL
ENEMY, YA KNOW?

I'M HERE
TO PUT AN END TO
ZIM'S REIGN OF TERROR.
HOW DO YOU NOT KNOW
ANY OF THIS?

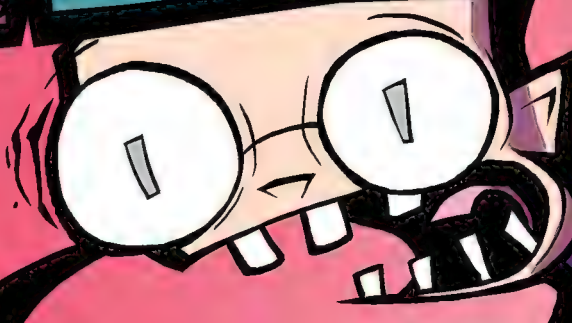
NYAH.

YOU LIKE
MY JACKET?
THANKS!

I WAS REALLY
INTO THAT WHOLE NOIRISH
SPY THING BACK IN THE DAY.
IT'S EASY FOR THAT TO LOOK
SILLY NOWADAYS, BUT YEAH, I
THINK I PULL IT OFF ALRIGHT.
THANKS FOR NOTI-

HEYYY.

ARE
YOU TRYING TO
DISTRACT ME?



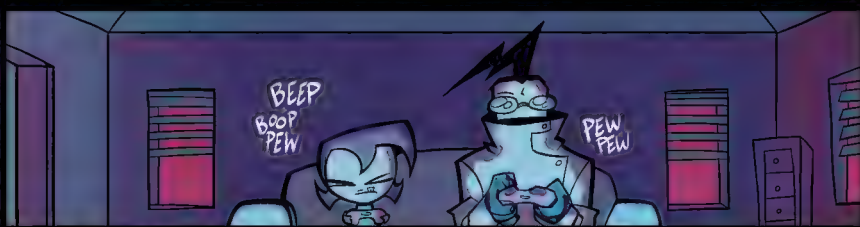


GOOD WORK,
MINIMOOSE!

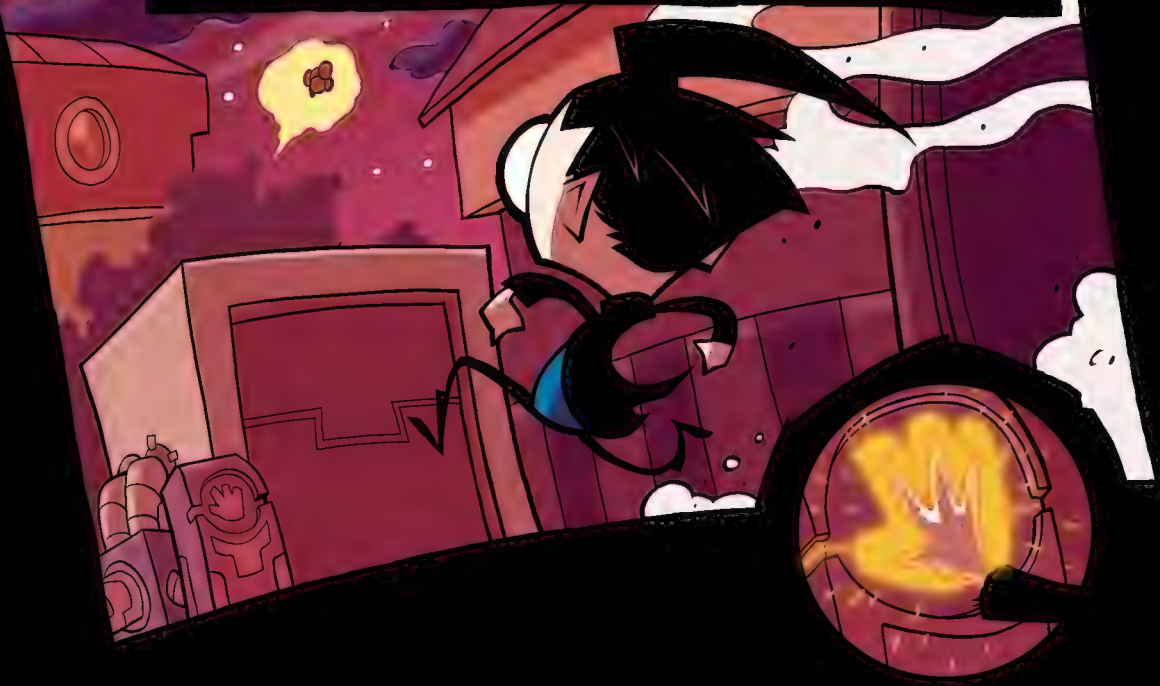
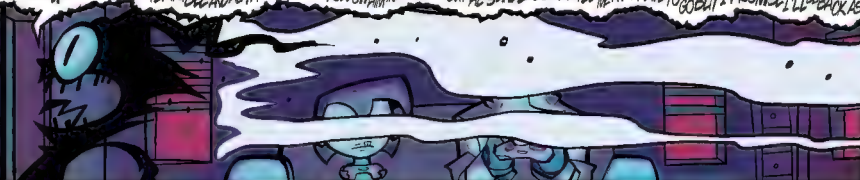
NOW IF
YOU'LL *EXCUSE* ME,
INFERIOR DIB, I HAVE AN
EVIL PLAN TO COMPLETE
IN MY *SPACESHIP*...

...IN SPAAAAACE!
NOOOO!

AND YOU
PROBABLY DON'T
REALLY LIKE MY
JACKET, DO Y-



DAD! GAZZIM'S LEFT THE PLANET AND HE'S GOT SOMETHING TERRIBLE AND HE THANKS I CAN'T FOLLOW HIM INTO SPACE BUT HE'S UNDERESTIMATED ME AND I HAVE TO GO BUT I PROMISE I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I SAVE THE ALIEN RACE!



OKAY, ZIM,
YOU PLAYED ME.
YOU TOOK ADVANTAGE
OF MY TIRELESS SENSE
OF DUTY AND USED IT
AGAINST ME, TURNED
ME INTO A BONELESS
NOODLE-MAN.

BUT THIS
GAME'S NOT OVER,
YOU EVIL, GREEN MONSTER.
YOU DON'T KNOW IT, BUT
YOU'RE NOT SAFE UP
THERE IN SPACE ANYMORE.
NOT ANYMORE.

YOU
READY?

SELF REPAIRS
MINIMAL, BUT
FUNCTIONAL.

ODDS OF NOT
EXPLODING WHILE
IN ATMOSPHERE...

...DECENT.

TO BE CONTINUED...

INVADER ZIM



INVADER ZIM ISSUE #2
ON SALE 8.19.15



INVADER ZIM



PREVIOUSLY ON INVADER ZIM

Oh, hey again! Did you read that **FIRST** issue? Wow, right?! **HAH!** Actually, I didn't read it all, but I **LOVED IT!!** **ZIM** was hiding in a **TOILET** for a **LONG** time and **Dib** got all creepy and weird and gross from waiting for too long. Also, **Dib's** eyes are **BROWN**, but they kept changing color. **COME ON, COMIC MAKING PEOPLE!** **HAH!** I kid! I love you, but don't make me **ANGRY!** **RMARGH!** **HAHAH!** **OH!** So making **Dib** gross and useless was **ZIM's** plan and **Dib** had to get back in shape to fight **ZIM**, but he was too late and **ZIM** flew away into space and **Minimoose** was all **BZOOOOP!** He's **DUMB!** But at the end **Dib** has a spaceship and he's all **I GUNNA GET YEW ZIM!** **AAAAGH!!** **I'M HUNGRY!**



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INVADER ZIM

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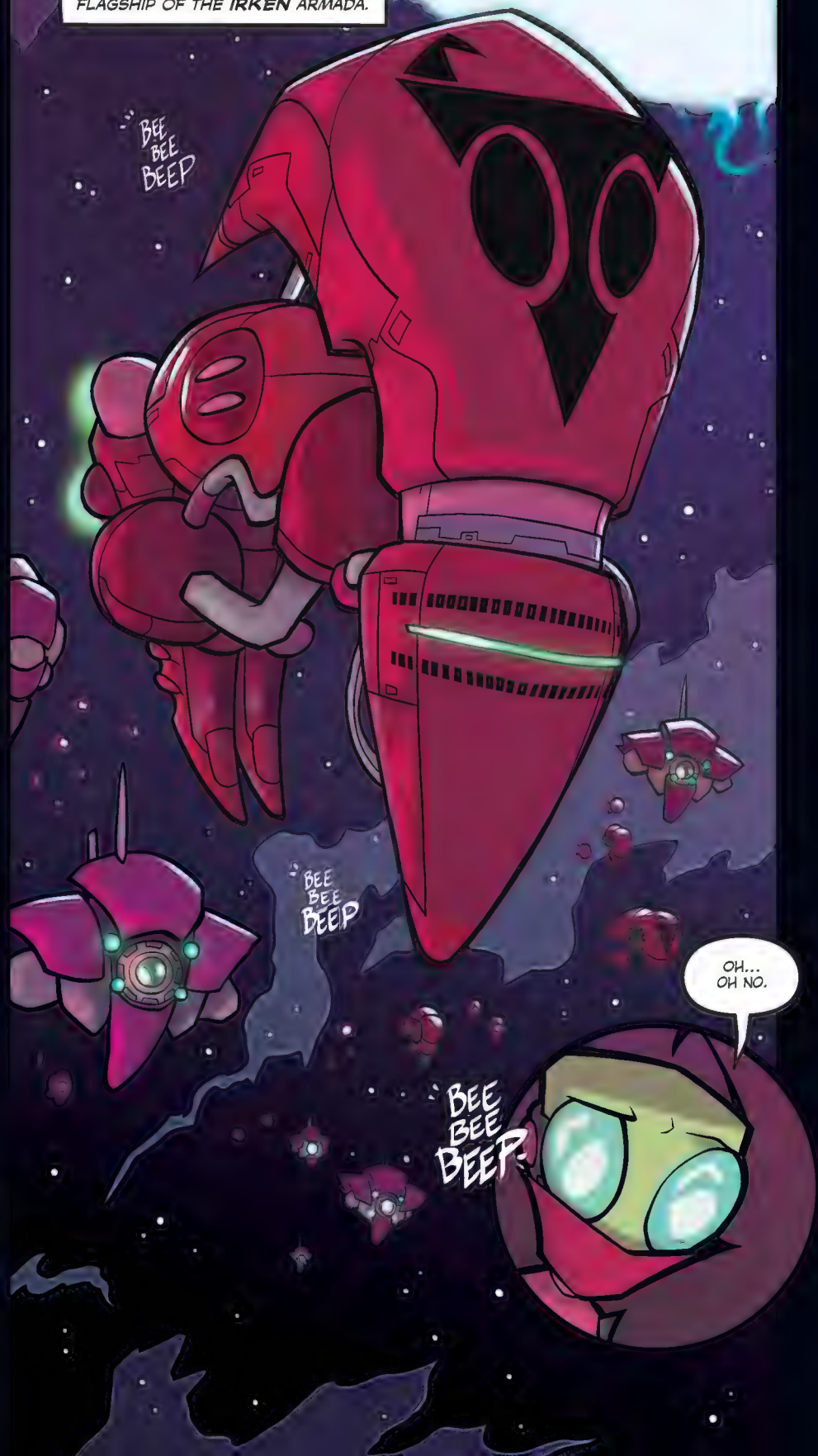
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DEEP IN WEIRD SPACE.

THE MASSIVE, SNACK-FILLED
FLAGSHIP OF THE IRKEN ARMADA.



OH...
OH NO.

BEE
BEE
BEEP

BEE
BEE
BEEP

BEE
BEE
BEEP

WHY ISN'T
ANYTHING BLOWING
UP? *THIS* SPACE
IS *BORING*.

MY
TALLEST—

THERE'S
NOTHING LEFT
TO BLOW UP HERE.
WE BLEW IT ALL
UP.

MY TALLEST,
WE'RE RECEIVING A
TRANSMISSION FROM...
INVADER ZIM.

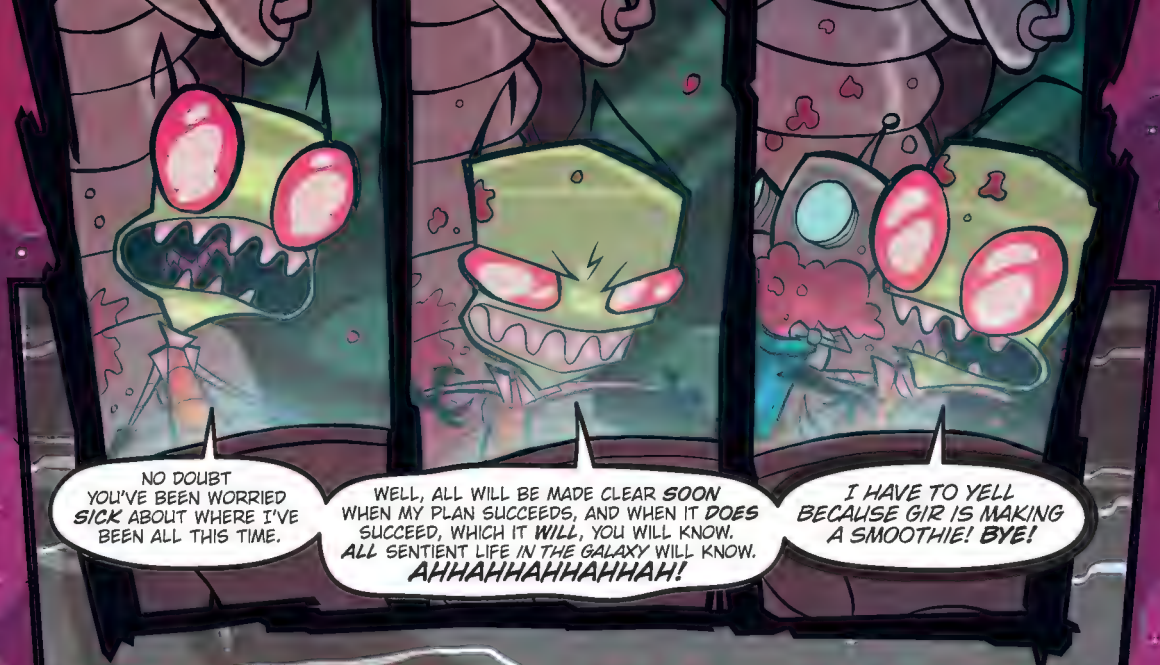
INVADER WHO?
I DON'T RE—

THE GUY
THAT SENDS US
THE SPACE
DONUTS?

NO,
NO. THAT'S
INVADER JIM.
SO WHO'S—

MY
TALLEST!



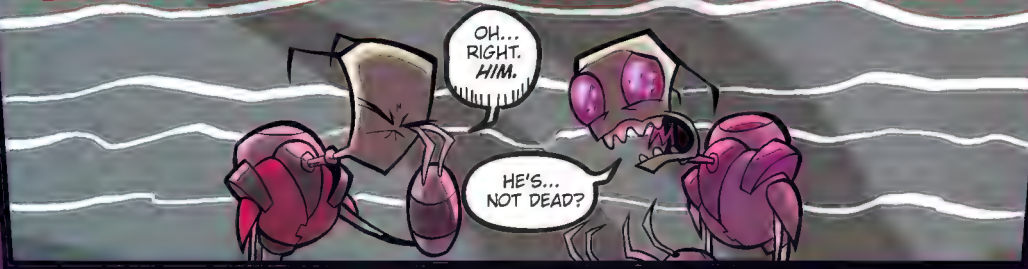


NO DOUBT
YOU'VE BEEN WORRIED
SICK ABOUT WHERE I'VE
BEEN ALL THIS TIME.

WELL, ALL WILL BE MADE CLEAR **SOON**
WHEN MY PLAN SUCCEEDS, AND WHEN IT **DOES**
SUCCEED, WHICH IT **WILL**, YOU WILL KNOW.
ALL SENTIENT LIFE IN **THE GALAXY** WILL KNOW.
AHHHHHHHHHHH!

I HAVE TO YELL
BECAUSE GIR IS MAKING
A SMOOTHIE! **BYE!**

END OF TRANSMISSION



OH...
RIGHT.
HIM.

HE'S...
NOT DEAD?

MEANWHILE,
SOMEWHERE
ELSE IN SPACE.

ACCORDING TO
MY CALCULATIONS,
I'M... LOST...
SOMEWHERE
IN SPACE.



COMPUTER,
IS THERE ANY WAY
YOU CAN, YOU KNOW,
TRACK ZIM'S SHIP'S
PROTON SIGNATURE
OR SOMETHING?

ZIM'S "**SHIP**" IS MADE FROM
GARBAGE AND IS PRACTICALLY
FARTING ITS WAY ACROSS THE
GALAXY, SO YES, I CAN TRACK
IT. I JUST DON'T WANT TO.



OH.
UH...?

BECAUSE
I HATE YOU.

REAL MATURE,
COMPUTER. YOU
KNOW WHAT
I HATE?

MANKIND BEING
DESTROYED BY INSANE
ALIEN INVADERS, SO I'M
TRYING TO STOP
THAT.

ZIM ESCAPED
OUT HERE TO DO
SOMETHING HORRIBLE,
I NEED **YOUR** HELP TO
FIND HIM, BUT YOUR
BAD ATTITUDE
ISN'T HELPING.

SORRY, BUT DESPITE YOUR
TAMPERING, THIS IS STILL
TAK'S SHIP AND I'M STILL
BASED ON HER PERSONALITY.
SO I'LL DO WHAT YOU **ASK**.
BUT I DON'T HAVE TO LIKE
IT, OR YOU.

YOU'RE GOING AFTER ZIM.
AN **IRKEN INVADER** WITH
UNTOLD DECADES OF MILITARY
TRAINING AND A HISTORY OF
VIOLENCE AND MAYHEM.

COME
ON. I'M
COOL..

YOU DON'T
KNOW **WHERE**
HE'S GOING OR
WHAT HE PLANS
TO DO.

AND YOU ARE A **FEEBLE**. UNARMED
HUMAN IN A **STOLEN** SHIP THAT YOU
HAVE NO IDEA HOW TO USE. WHEN
YOU CATCH ZIM, YOU ARE GOING TO...
WHAT, EXACTLY?

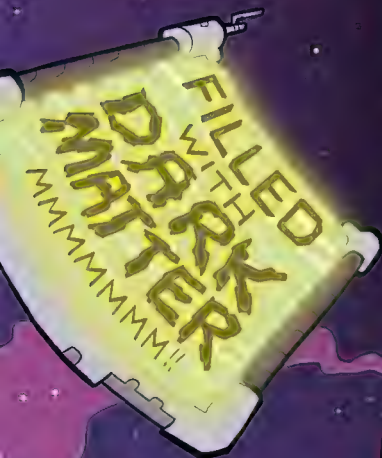
WELL...
STOP HIM!

(SIGH) RIGHT THEN.
TRACKING ZIM'S GARBAGE
SIGNATURE FOR THE
EARTHBABY WITH NO PLAN.

GOOD! NOW
LET'S PREPARE
OURSELVES FOR WHATEVER
UNSPEAKABLE HORRORS
WE'RE ABOUT TO FIND!

ONE SPACE JUMP LATER.

UHHH...





I LOVE THESE QUIET MOMENTS WHERE I CAN JUST, YOU KNOW... TALK TO MYSELF.

I WISH I WAS CHUBBIER.



OH HIM!
YEAH HE WAS HERE,
YELLED A LOT. DIDN'T
FIND WHAT HE WAS
LOOKING FOR.

WHAT *WAS* HE
LOOKING FOR? DID
HE MENTION ANY
DIABOLICAL PLANS
OF ANY SORT?

IT'S REAL FUZZY,
BUT *MAYBE* IF YOU BUY A JAR
OR TWO OF GENUINE SPACE DONUT DARK
MATTER FILLING, MAYBE SOME *SHIRTS*,
AND A HAT, IT MIGHT JOG THE OL'
MEMORY BLOOPS.

CATCHING!

NOPE.
DOESN'T JOG
MY MEMORY
BLOOPS.

YOU
WEREN'T ASKING
FOR A BRIBE?

WHAT'S A
BRIBE?

ELSEWHERE IN THE
VASTNESS OF SPACE!

DARK MATTER
IS A *HORRIBLE*
IDEA FOR A DONUT
FILLING.



GUHHHHHHHhht....

GUHHHHHHHhht....

YOU
GONNA EAT
THAT?

CUZ I
WANNA EAT IT.
THEN I GONNA EAT
THE CRUMBS OFF
YOUR FACE.



HOW YOU
FEEL ABOUT
THAT?

WE SHOULD BE
COMING UP ON THE...
THERE IT IS.

THE UNIVERSE'S BIGGEST
BALL OF SHMOOP
IT'S KIND OF SENTIENT!

NEXT EXIT



FINGERS CROSSED,
GIR. HOPEFULLY THIS IS
THE LAST OF THESE *PATHETIC*
PLACES I HAVE TO VISIT BEFORE
I FIND WHAT I NEED.

OOOOOOH.

NOW, ROLL
DOWN THE WINDOW
THAT I MAY VOMIT
INTO SPACE!

WHEEEEEEEEEEE!!



BLEAAAGHH!!



HAVE YOU SEEN THIS ALIEN?



THE SMELLIEST SPACE IN SPACE

YAH HUH.

THE INFINITE HEAD

AYUPS.

THE SHMAPSIEST DOINK IN SQUOOP

AH SHORE DEEYID.

THE SPACE WHATEVER

NOPE. I MEAN YEP.



WHAT IS THE DEAL?! I'VE BEEN TO HUNDREDS OF THESE STUPID SPACESIDE ATTRACTIONS, AND YEAH, ZIM'S BEEN TO ALL OF THEM, BUT HE'S ALSO LONG GONE EVERY TIME. WHY?

I DUNNO. OH WAIT. YOU'RE DUMB.

HEY! IF YOU'RE SO SMART WHY DON'T YOU CATCH ZIM?

OKAY THEN.



WAIT... YOU COULD'VE CAUGHT UP WITH ZIM ANY TIME? WHY DIDN'T YOU DO IT BEFORE NOW??

YOU ASKED ME TO TRACK ZIM. YOU DIDN'T SAY CATCH HIM.

I HATE YOU.

NOW YOU KNOW HOW IT FEELS.

ZIM LOCATED ON
THE UNIVERSE'S
BIGGEST BALL OF
SHMOOP.

COME ON, I'M
SORRY. DON'T HOLD
YOUR EXCITEMENT
IN BECAUSE OF
SOMETHING I SAID.

FINALLY SO
CLOSE. I'D ACT
EXCITED BUT I'M
STILL MAD
AT YOU.

THAT'S VERY
NICE OF YOU TO
SAY, SHIP. AND YEAH,
I AM PRETTY
EXCITED!

YOU HAVE A
STUPID SMILE.

SHMOOP
SHMOP

WHOOAAA.

WHAT?
WHAT HAPPENED
HERE?! WHERE'S
ZIM?



ARE YOU
ON FIRE?

OH YEAH. TOTALLY
ON FIRE, AND IF ZIM IS WHO
DID ALL *THIS*, YOU *JUST* MISSED
HIM. NOW, I GET *REAL* TALKY WHEN
I'M ON FIRE SO JUST SIT BACK AND
LEMME TELL YOU *ALL* ABOUT
WHAT HAPPENED...

FLASHBACK!

I'VE... BEEN
ALL ACROSS THE GALAXY,
AND I'VE HIT UP *EVERY* AWFUL
GIFT SHOP LIKE THIS ONE ALONG
THE WAY. IF *YOU'RE* NOT WHO I'M
LOOKING FOR, A *XLI*ACTIAN
HISTORIAN WHO DISCOVERED
THE LOCATION OF THE FABLED
GARGANTIS ARRAY AND
WENT INTO HIDING DISGUISED
AS A *GIFT SHOP OWNER*
TO KEEP HER TERRIBLE
SECRETS *SECRET*, I'M
GOING TO BE *VERY*
UNHAPPY.

WELL... I
KNEW, SOONER OR LATER,
SOMEONE WOULD BELIEVE
THE STORIES AND FIND ME.
THERE'S A *REASON* NOBODY
CAN FIND THE GARGANTIS
ARRAY, IRKEN: NOBODY
KNOWS THE *JUMP CODES*
THAT LEAD TO IT, AND IF
I CAN HELP IT, IT'LL
STAY THAT
WAY.

UNLESS YOU
BUY A BUNCH
OF STUFF.

REALLY?
NEAT.

END FLASHBACK!

WAIT...
YOU *TOLD* HIM
YOUR SECRETS?

SO WHY
DID HE BLOW
EVERYTHING
UP?

OH, NO.
HIS LITTLE *ROBOT* DID
THAT. TRIED HEATING UP A SPACE
BURRITO HE BOUGHT IN THE
MICROWAVE, BUT HE WAS
REAL BAD AT IT.

DO YOU
KNOW WHAT YOU'VE
DONE?! YOU GAVE *ZIM* ACCESS
TO... TO *WHATEVER* A GARGANTIS
ARRAY IS! THAT WAS *REALLY*
IRRESPONSIBLE OF YOU!

GIVE *ME*
THE *JUMP CODES*
SO I CAN STOP
HIM!



NO... YOU'RE RIGHT.
I **SWORE** TO PROTECT THE **UNIVERSE**
FROM PEOPLE WHO WOULD USE THE ARRAY
FOR **EVIL**, AND **LOOK** WHAT I WENT AND DID.
SORRY, I CAN'T MAKE THAT MISTAKE **AGAIN**,
SO **NO**, I CAN'T GIVE YOU THE JUMP
CODES.

WHAT
IF I BOUGHT
A SHIRT?

OH,
YEAH, OKAY
THEN.

YOU'RE
REALLY **BAD** AT
PROTECTING
THINGS.



MEANWHILE IN
UNKNOWN SPACE

**NYAHHA
HAHAHHA
HAHAH!**


VICTORY IS
NEAR, GIR! SOON I'LL
BE IN CONTROL OF THE
GARGANTIS ARRAY! THIS
WAS ALMOST **TOO EASY** TO
PULL OFF WITHOUT THAT
MEDDLING LITTLE—

ZIM!!

WHAT?
NO, I WAS GONNA
SAY "**DIB**,"
WAITAMINUTE!

**DIB?!
IN SPACE?!**

THAT'S RIGHT!
I'M **SPACE DIB**, NOW, AND
SPACE IS THE BUTTS OF...
HOLD ON... **SPACE IS...**
I HAD A WHOLE SPEECH...
SPACE IS YOUR BUTT—



HOW
DID YOU—WAIT...
YOU'RE USING TAK'S
SHIP?! HOW?

YOU WERE
GONE A LONG TIME,
ZIM! PLENTY OF TIME
FOR ME TO FIGURE
OUT...

AWWWMAHHGAHHH!

YOU ACT AS THOUGH
YOU'VE NEVER SEEN A
GIGANTIC, MYSTERIOUS
ALIEN RELIC SO TERRIBLE
IN POWER IT WAS THOUGHT
TO EXIST ONLY IN LEGENDS.



BUHHH. LISTEN, COMPUTER, IF YOU'RE PATTERNED AFTER **TAK'S** BRAIN, THEN YOU HATE ZIM AS MUCH AS I DO. IF ZIM TAKES CONTROL OF THAT... **THING**, **WHATEVER** IT DOES, IT MEANS NOTHING GOOD FOR EARTH AND **VICTORY** FOR ZIM. ZIM WINNING IS **BAD**. HELP ME!

OOH. IT'S TOUGH THOUGH, BECAUSE I HATE YOU **BOTH**.



AAAAAGH!

JUST BECAUSE YOU HAVE AN **IRKEN SHIP** DOESN'T MEAN YOU KNOW HOW TO **USE** IT, DIB! EAT MY **SPACE DUST**!

WELL, YOU'RE **RIGHT** ABOUT THAT. SO HOW DO YOU FIRE THE **LASERS** OR **WHATEVER** ON ONE OF THESE THINGS?

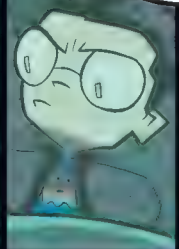
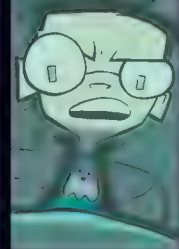
OH, WELL, YOU SEE THAT DARK RED PANEL ON THE RIGHT ARM CONSOLE?

NOPE.

WAIT... OH **YEAH**, THERE IT IS.

OKAY, JUST DOUBLE TAP THAT UNTIL IT LIGHTS UP AND YOU GET A RETICLE OVERLAY.

WHY DO YOU WANNA KNOW?



AAAAAAGH!



AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!?



NYEHHEHHHEHEHEH!

WE'RE HIT,
GIR! READY EMERGENCY
ESCAPE MODE!

HUH?

WHEEEEEEEEE!
I'M A
SPACESHIP!

HAH!
ZIM IS ALWAYS
ONE STEP AHEAD, DIB!
PROBABLY TWO STEPS
AHEAD IF YOU
REALLY TH—

WHOA WHOAH
WHOOAAAAHHH!!

YAAAAAY!
I'M EXPLODING!

YESSS!!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!
GIR! GIR! TRY TO AIM FOR
THAT LARGE OPENING!
STEADY! STEADY!

I WON'T
LET YOU DOWN,
MASTER—

AAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!

BOOM

BANG

PWF

-kof-
DON'T WORRY ABOUT
ME, MASTER. I'LL -kof kof-
BE OKAY. GO ON
WITHOUT—

EH?
ARE YOU SAYING
SOMETHING, GIR?!

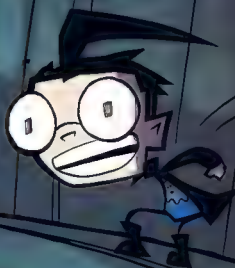
AMAZING.

I JUST
TRAVELED ACROSS THE
UNIVERSE IN MY OWN **SPACESHIP**!
I'M ABOUT TO CHASE ZIM THROUGH AN
ANCIENT SPACE WEAPON AND SAVE EARTH!
I'M BOTH **EXCITED** AND **TERRIFIED**!
COMPUTER, SAY SOMETHING
INSPIRATIONAL TO
GET ME GOING!

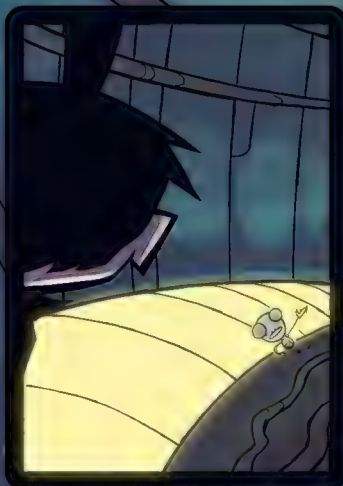
I HATE THAT YOUR
BUTT IS TOUCHING ME.

CLOSE ENOUGH!
WELL, HERE'S HOPING THERE'S
A BREATHABLE ATMOSPHERE
IN THIS THING!

SWEET!
I DIDN'T DIE!
NOW, TO STOP—



HI!!!!



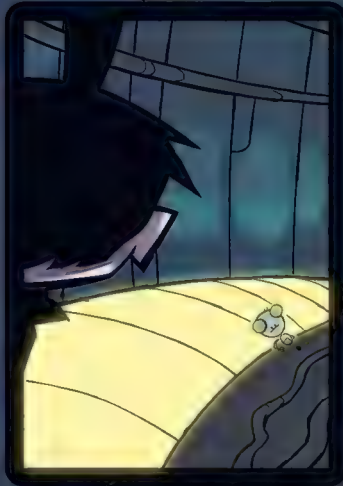
HI!!!
HOW YOU
DOOOOING?!

UH... I'M
ALRIGHT! I'M GONNA
GO STOP YOUR EVIL
MASTER!



WHAT YOU
SAYYYY?!

I SAID
I'M GONNA GO
STOP ZIM AND SAVE
MY WORLD...
YOU KNOW?



OKAY...
WELL... I GOTTA
GO NOW!



HOW YOU
DOOOOING?!

ZIIIM!
WHERE ARE YOU,
ZIM!!

IT'S LIKE
THIS PLACE IS EVEN
BIGGER ON THE INSIDE!
MUST FIND THE
CONTROL ROOM!

NO! I'VE
COME TOO FAR
TO LET THE HUMAN
DIB RUIN THIS, MY
GREATEST PLAN
OF ALL TIME!

TWO DAYS LATER...

PLAN...
GREATEST...
I'M... SO
LOST...



WHERE IS HE?!

MUHAHAHA
HAHAHA
HAHAH!

ZIM!



RAMMMMMAAARGH!
RAMMMMMAAARGH!



HAH! IT'S OVER, ALIEN! YOU DID YOUR BEST, BUT YOUR BEST WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR EARTH'S FINEST!

HUH?!

THE ONLY THING YOU STOPPED WAS ME ADMIRING MY VICTORY!

OH NO! I FAILED?! I FAILED! THIS THING IS GONNA BLOW UP THE EARTH!

HUMANITY, FORGIVE MEEEEEE!



OVER, DIB? OH, BUT IT'S JUST STARTED! YOU'RE ALREADY TOO LATE.

REEEEEE!
REEEEEE!
REEEEEE!





THE
END


INVADER ZIM™



INVADER ZIM ISSUE #3
ON SALE 9.23.15



INVADER ZIM



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Last issue of Invader ZIM,
uh, Dib chased ZIM to a big
thing in space and then, and
then ZIM showed video of Dib
looking stupid all over the galaxy
and Dib cried and, addand-

RECAP
KID



PLANET HORKUS 6.
POPULATION: ZERO.
MOOD: DESTROYED.

INTERESTING...
INTERESTING...





FASCINATING.

THESE
ANCIENT HORKANS
SEEMED TO HAVE
POSSESSED ADVANCED
TECHNOLOGY...
BUT WERE TOO
DUMB TO WRITE
WITH WORDS.

GIR,
TRANSLATE THESE
MARKINGS FOR
ME.

"AND DID
THE SIX TEMPLES
OPEN THE PORTAL IN THE
SKY. AND THROUGH
IT CAME..."

HMMMM...
HMMMM.

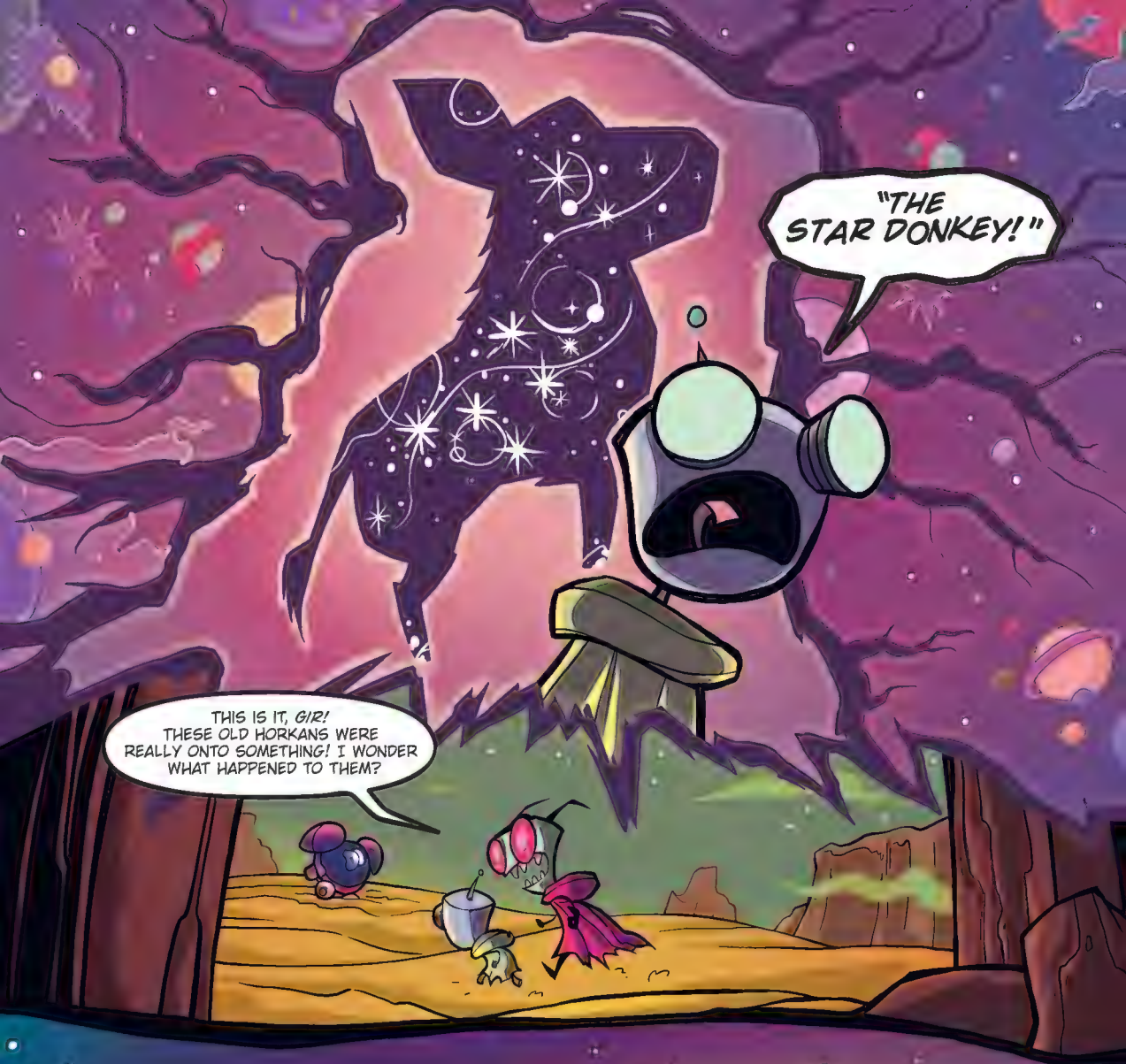
"...MANY CHUBBY
HOT DOG BABIES, AND
OH HOW THEY DANCED. THEY
FLEW UP INTO THE CLOUDS AND
IT RAINED HOT WEENIE-WATER
UNTO THE—"

GIR!
TRANSLATE
IN NON-INSANE
MODE!



M'OKAY.

"AND THROUGH
THE PORTAL CAME THE
FOUR-LEGGED KICKER OF LIFE.
THE SPACE-CLEANSING
NIGHTMARE MULE, THE
COSMIC HORROR THEY
CALLED..."



"THE
STAR DONKEY!"

THIS IS IT, GIR!
THESE OLD HORKANS WERE
REALLY ONTO SOMETHING! I WONDER
WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM?



EH.
IT'S A MYSTERY,
I GUESS.

WEEKS LATER.

THE MEMBRANE RESIDENCE.
HOME OF DIB. WORLD'S GREATEST PARANORMAL INVESTIGATOR.*

*This is solely the opinion of Dib himself, and has never been validated by independent sources or anyone who isn't Dib.

THAT'S RIGHT, BIGFEETS! KEEP POSTING SELFIES! THEY'LL ONLY LEAD ME STRAIGHT TO YOUR LAIR!

WHY DON'T YOU JUST LEAVE BIGFEETS ALONE, DIB? HE'S A COOL GUY.

SINCE WHEN ARE YOU AN EXPERT ON BIGFEETS? I'VE BEEN INVESTIGATING HIM FOR—

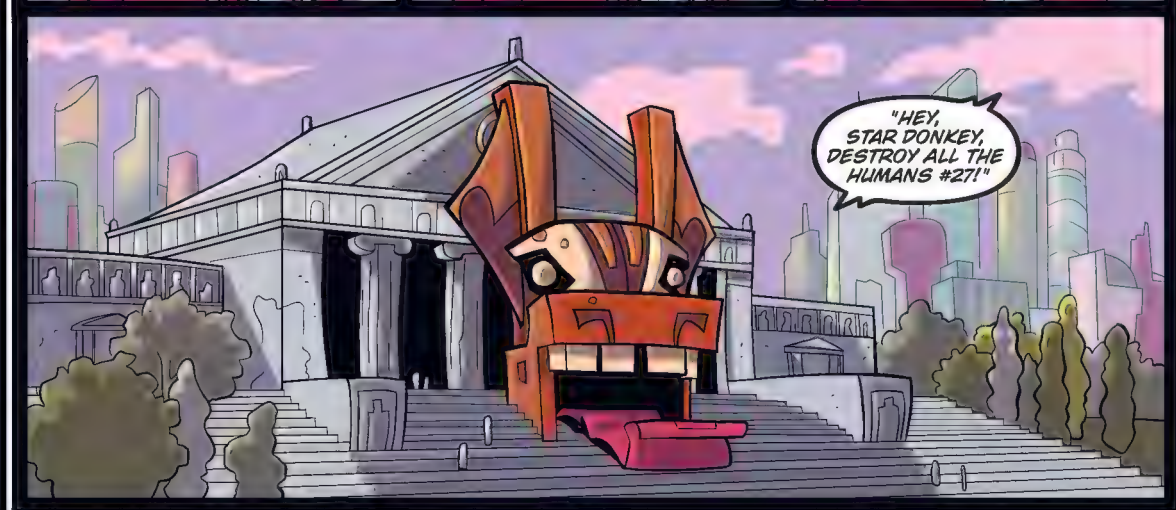
SCROLL DOWN.

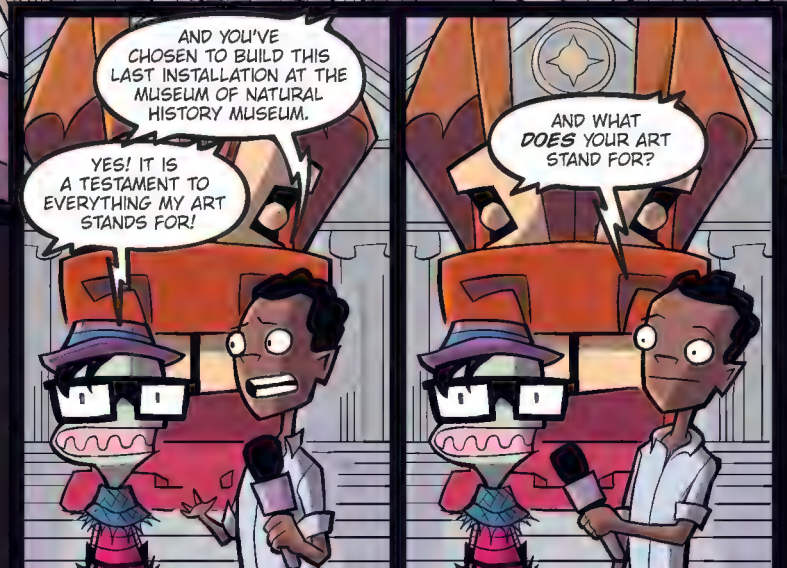
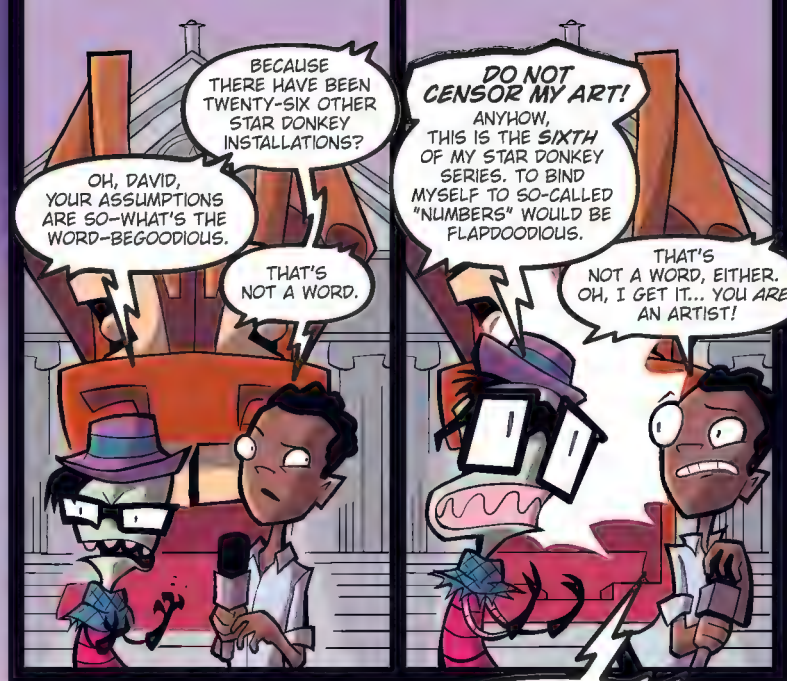
WHAT THE?!

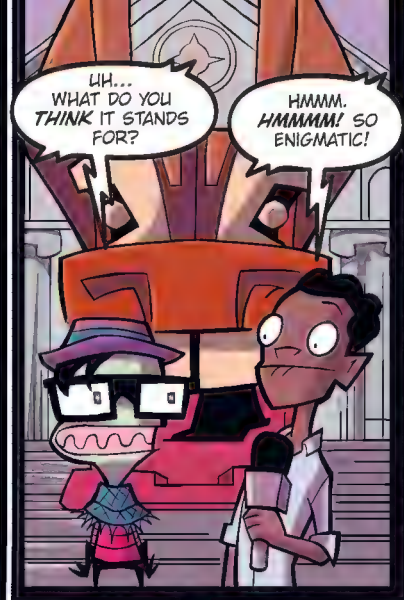
BUHH...
WHAT THE?! I'M
DIB AND I SAY,
"WHAT THE?!"
Duuuuuuuh.

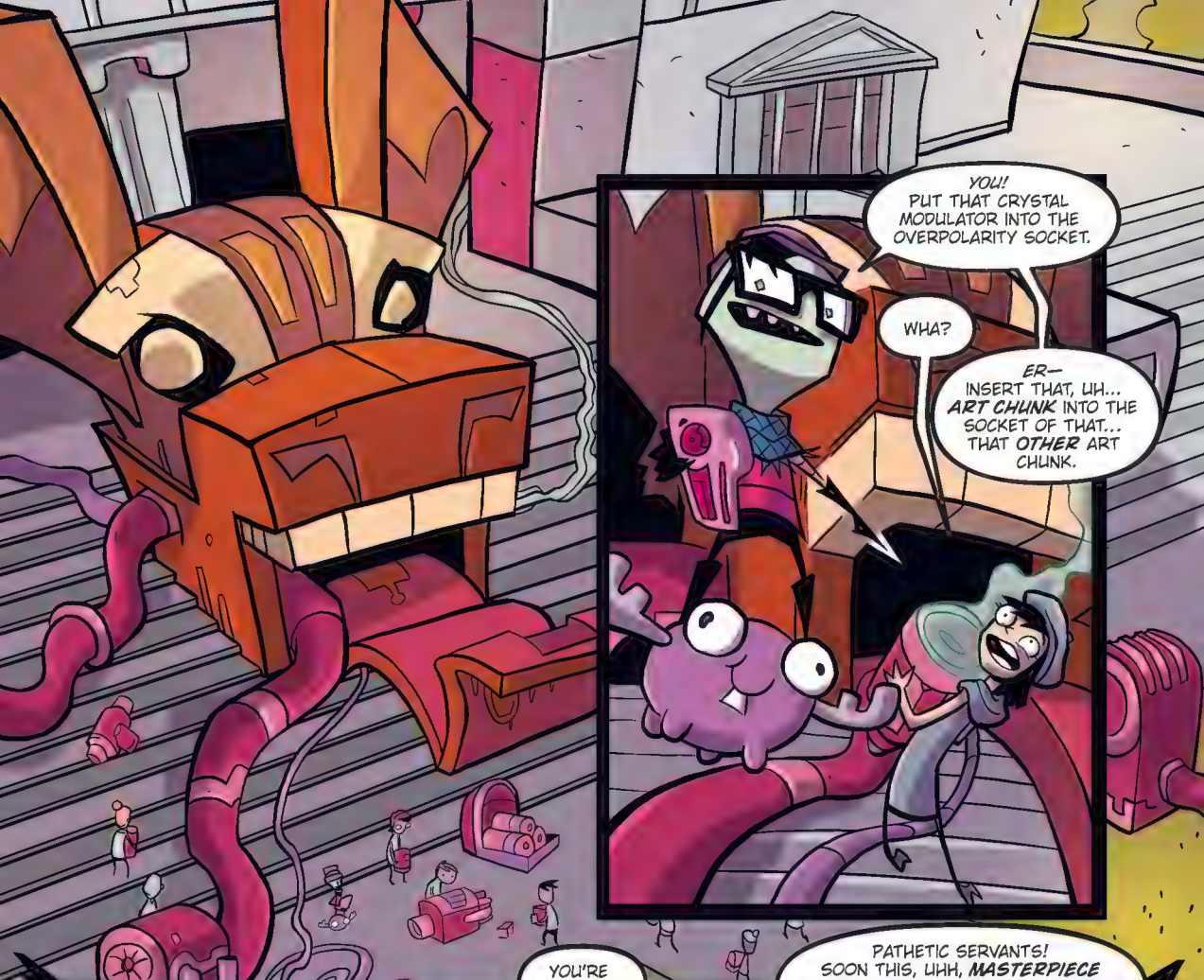
THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE ME AT ALL AND WHY DID YOU COME IN HERE?

OH YEAH, I THOUGHT YOU'D WANNA KNOW ZIM'S ON THE NEWS RIGHT NOW.









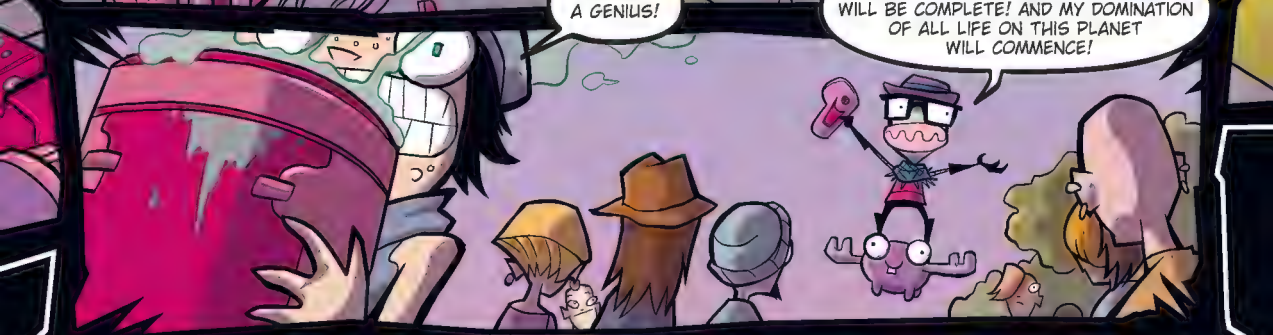
YOU!
PUT THAT CRYSTAL
MODULATOR INTO THE
OVERPOLARITY SOCKET.

WHA?

ER—
INSERT THAT, UH...
ART CHUNK INTO THE
SOCKET OF THAT...
THAT **OTHER ART**
CHUNK.

YOU'RE
A GENIUS!

PATHETIC SERVANTS!
SOON THIS, UHH, **MASTERPIECE**
WILL BE COMPLETE! AND MY DOMINATION
OF ALL LIFE ON THIS PLANET
WILL COMMENCE!



THAT IS SO
BRILLIANT!

WHAT AN
ARTIST!

HE'S
COMMENTING ON THE
LITTER BANALITY OF
COMMENTING!

I
HAVE A
BEARD!

COMPELLING!

YOU!
INTERN-MONKEY! WHY
ARE YOU CARRYING THAT
PIECE OF MY BRILLIANT
ART OUT OF THE
INSTALLATION?

UM...
TO STOP YOUR
EVIL PLAN?
I MEAN—

WAAAAITAMINUTE.

DIB!!

I FIGURED IT
WAS ONLY A MATTER
OF TIME BEFORE YOU
SHOWED UP TO CRITICIZE
MY WORK!

BOOOOOO!

YOU'VE
FOOLED THESE
PEOPLE, ZIM, BUT
YOU CAN'T FOOL ME!
I KNOW YOU'RE OUT
TO DESTROY THE
EARTH!

BOOOOOO!

BOOOOOO!

BOOOOOO!

YES... DESTROY
THE EARTH... WITH
MY BOLD POINT
OF VIEW!

YEAHHHH!

YEAHHHH!

WHAT DO
WE DO WITH
ART HATERS?

ART
HATER'S
CLOSET!

ART
HATER'S
CLOSET!

WHAT'S THE
ART HATER'S
CLOSET?

BUT, I...
UH... I DON'T HATE
YOU! I JUST WANT TO
UNDERSTAND YOUR
GENIUS AND...
NOPE.
I CAN'T DO THIS.
I DO HATE YOU.

THE ART
HATER'S CLOSET!
WHERE ALL ART
HATERS GO!

THEN THE ART
HATER'S CLOSET FOR
YOU! GIR! GUARD THE
HUMAN WITH YOUR EVERY
LAST CIRCUIT!

YES, MY
MASTER!

OH. ER...
HERE ARE SOME
ACTUAL WEAPONS,
GIR.
ARE
THOSE EVEN
WEAPONS?

AND SINCE
YOU WILL NEVER
ESCAPE MY ART
HATER'S CLOSET, DIB,
I WILL TORTURE YOU
WITH THE DETAILS
OF MY PLAN TO
SUMMON...
OOOOH-
HOOO!

...THE
STAR DONKEY!

THE
STAR DONKEY?

THE
STAR DONKEY!

THE
STAR DONKEY???

THE
STAR DONKEY!!!

LEGEND HAS IT
HE EXISTS IN A DIMENSION
OF PURE MULISHNESS. PURE
DONKIOSITY BEYOND THE
REACH OF NORMAL
COMPREHENSION.

IS
"DONKIOSITY" A
REAL THING?

**YOUR PUNY
BRAIN CANNOT
UNDERSTAND!**

STAR DONKEY
EXISTS IN LEGENDS
THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY.
SOME SAY EARTH DONKEYS
ARE MERELY MANIFESTATIONS OF
ITS PRIMORDIAL DONKISHNESS.
RIPPLES IN SPACE AND
TIME, THAT—

SERIOUSLY,
THIS MAKES NO
SENSE.

**SHUT
YOUR FACE
BUTT!**

THE POINT IS,
DIB, I HAVE DISCOVERED
THE SECRET OF SUMMONING
THE STAR DONKEY, AND WITH
THIS FINAL INSTALLATION, I SHALL
BRING IT TO EARTH, AND
SHALL USE IT TO...
**KICK ALL LIFE OFF
THE PLANET!**

SERIOUSLY?

YES.

NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

AND WHEN
THIS INSTALLATION
IS COMPLETE, I WILL
STEAL THE GREAT
CRYSTAL SUGAR
CUBE OF—

**KNOCK
KNOCK!**

MR. SHMINVADER
SHMIM? YOUR HONORARY
BANQUET IS IN TEN
MINUTES.

THE
GREAT CRYSTAL
WHAT CUBE—?

OF COURSE!
G/R, GUARD THE
HUMAN! IF HE MOVES...
DESTROY HIM!

YES, MY
MASTER!

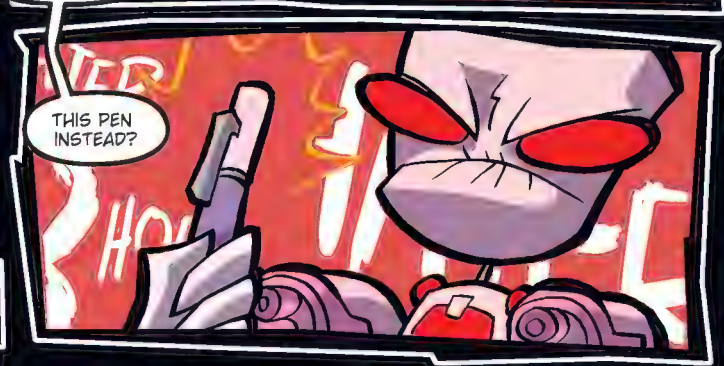
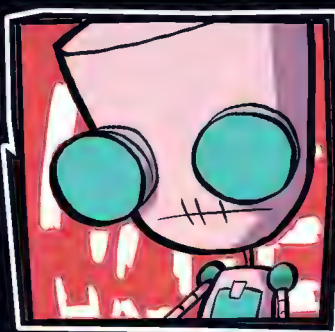
COME ALONG,
MINIMOOSE! MY
BANQUET AWAITS!

DON'T DO IT,
ZIM! THIS PLAN IS
INSANE-SOUNDING EVEN
FOR YOU! THERE'S NO WAY
YOU CAN CONTROL THAT
KIND OF POWER!
ZIIIIIIIMMM!!

**YAAAAAY!
SADNESSSSSS!!**

**MUSEUM OF
NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM**

WE ARE SO
HONORED, SHMINVADER
SHMIM, TO HAVE YOU AS
OUR GUEST AT THE MUSEUM
OF NATURAL HISTORY
MUSEUM BANQUET.





HUH.

WHAT'S THAT?



IT'S A PERFECT SQUARE. ALMOST AS IF IT'S DESIGNED TO HOLD A CRYSTAL CUBE LIKE ZIM MENTIONED—

WHAT THE—?

YOU ARE A CRITIC! YOUR NEGATIVE OPINION OF SHMINVADER SHMIM'S WORK WILL NOT BE TOLERATED!

SHMIM IS A GENIUS!

OH NO! DEADLY ROBOT SNOBS!

ART HATERS MUST BE DESTROYED!

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo
PENNNNN.





"FOUND IN A CRATER IN THE MAYRLVIAN JUNGLES, THE CRYSTAL WAS BELIEVED TO HAVE FALLEN FROM SPACE FROM A WORMHOLE LIGHT-YEARS AWAY."

HUH. HOW INTERESTING. YOU KNOW, IT JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU CAN LEARN SOMETHING EVERY DAY IF YOU KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN AND YOUR MIND—

HUH. HOW INTERESTING. YOU KNOW, IT JUST GOES TO SHOW YOU CAN LEARN SOMETHING EVERY DAY IF YOU KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN AND YOUR MIND—

BRIIIIINN/NNNNNGGG!

HUH?
OH YEAH! WITH ALL
THIS...

HUH?
OH YEAH! WITH ALL
THIS CHATTING ABOUT FOOD
AND CLOWNS, I TOTALLY FORGOT
I WAS HERE TO STEAL THE
CRYSTAL AND DESTROY ALL
LIFE ON EARTH!

EXCUSE ME!

SUCH A GENIUS!

DIB!

A comic book illustration showing two men in suits and hats chasing a small boy with glasses. One man is shouting "DIB!" in a speech bubble. A flying robot is in the background.

YOUR CRITICISM
OF MY WORK HAS
FAILED TO STOP
MY PLAN!

YOU'RE MEDDLING
WITH FORCES YOU CAN'T
CONTROL, ZIM! AND YOUR
WORK'S A TOTAL RIP-OFF OF
SOME BURRO COMICS I
SAW FIVE YEARS AGO!

IS THAT
TRUE?

IT IS?

HE WEARS HIS
INFLUENCES ON
HIS SLEEVE.

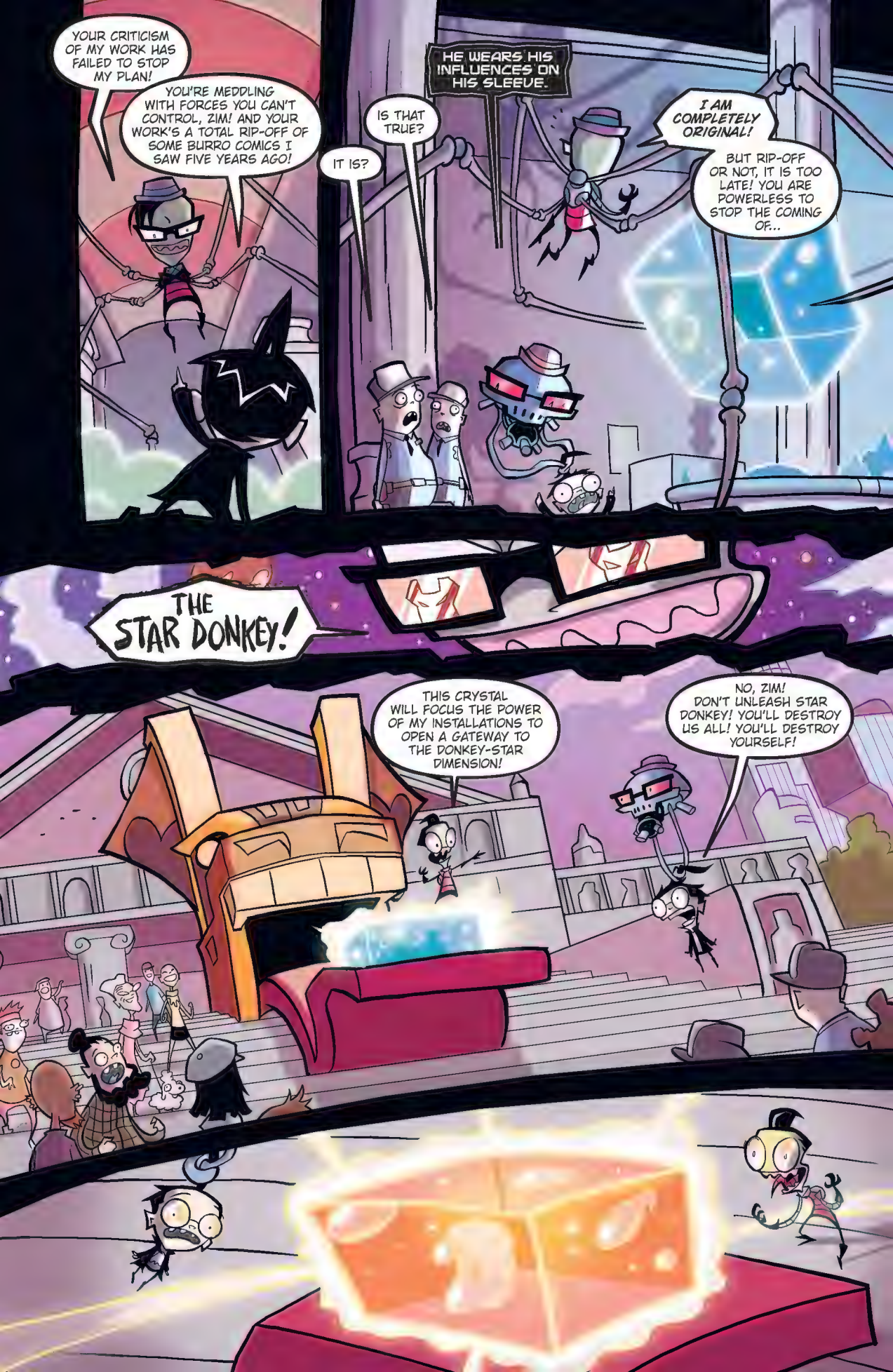
I AM
COMPLETELY
ORIGINAL!

BUT RIP-OFF
OR NOT, IT IS TOO
LATE! YOU ARE
POWERLESS TO
STOP THE COMING
OF...

THE
STAR DONKEY!

THIS CRYSTAL
WILL FOCUS THE POWER
OF MY INSTALLATIONS TO
OPEN A GATEWAY TO
THE DONKEY-STAR
DIMENSION!

NO, ZIM!
DON'T UNLEASH STAR
DONKEY! YOU'LL DESTROY
US ALL! YOU'LL DESTROY
YOURSELF!







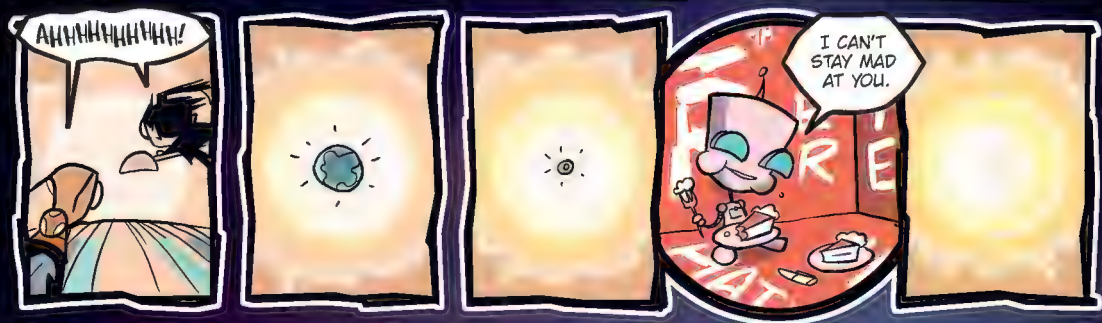
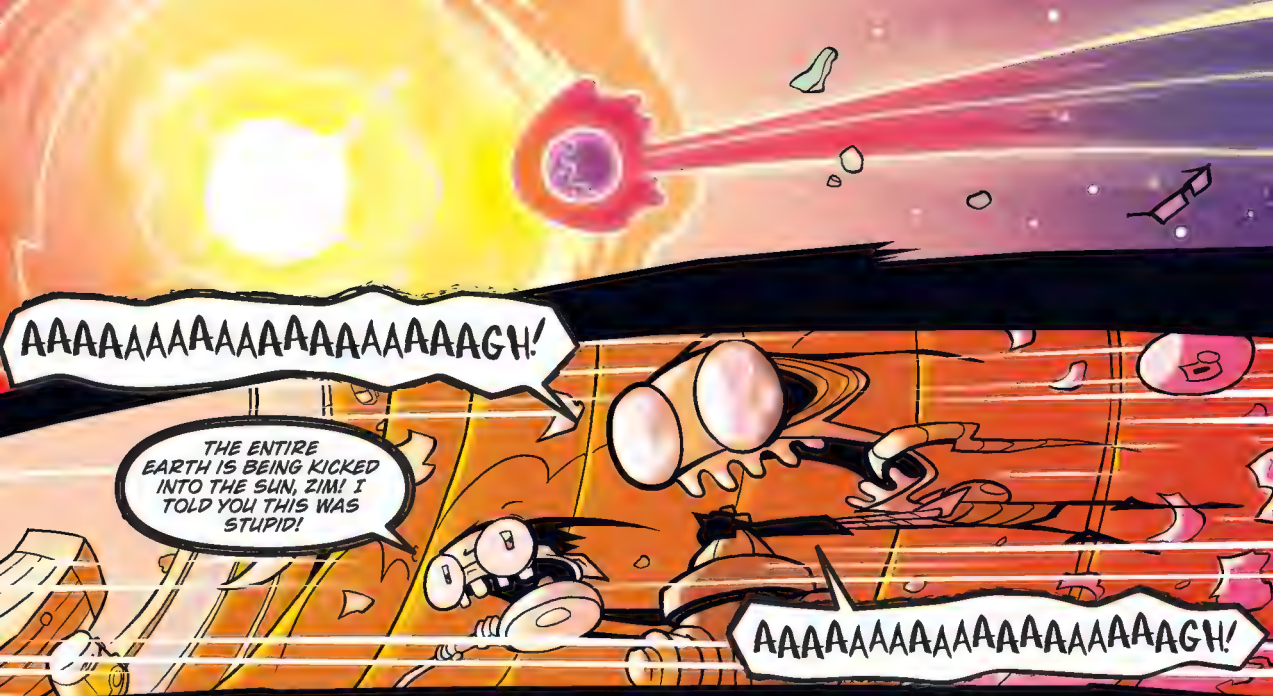
STAAAR
DONKEEEEEEEYYYYY!

YES!
COME, MY DARK
DONKEY SERVANT!
KICK ALL LIFE OFF
THIS PLANET.

WITH ALL
HUMAN LIFE REMOVED,
THE EARTH WILL BE A
FINE PRIZE FOR THE
IRKEN EMPIRE!

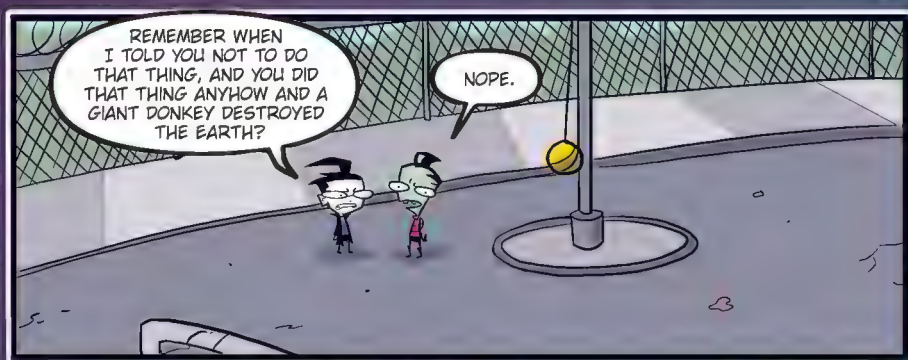
MUHAHAHAHAH!





THE END

**NEXT
TIME ON
INVADER
ZIM:**



INVADER ZIM

TM

INVADER ZIM ISSUE #4
ON SALE 10.14.15



INVADER ZIM



INVADER ZIM

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nickelodeon

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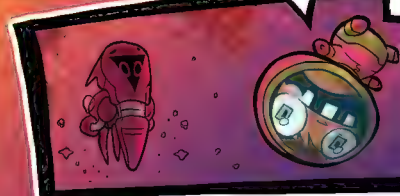
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NEWLY ACQUIRED
IRKEN SPACE.

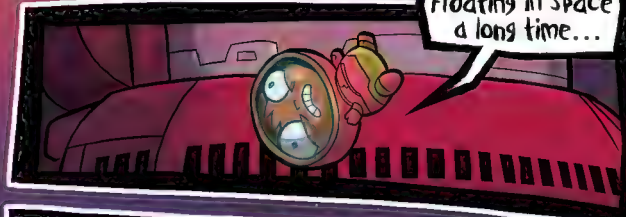
SOMEWHERE IN THE
NEWLY CHRISTENED
TALLEST-PURPLE-IS-
COOL NEBULA.

**RECAP
KID**

HAH! This is IRKEN Space!
Yesterday it wasn't, but the
armada just blew everyone
else up so it's theirs now!
The Almighty Tallest just
flipped a coin to choose
who gets to name stuff!
Pretty dumb, huh?! The
only thing they like less
than stuff that isn't
theirs is ZIM.
**THEY HATE ZIM!
HEEHEEHEE!**



I've been
floating in space
a long time...

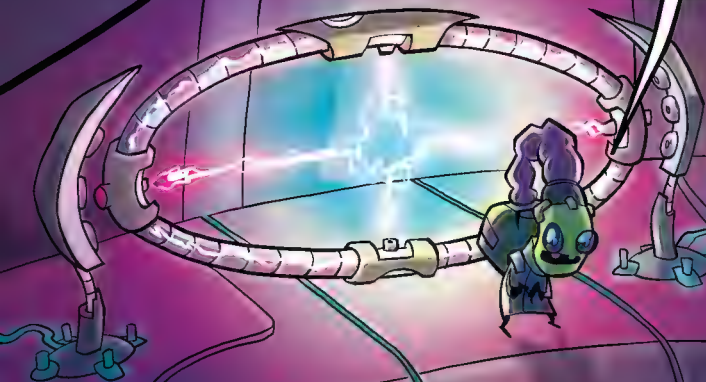


THE BRIDGE OF THE
MASSIVE FLAGSHIP OF
THE IRKEN FLEET.

ALSO: LOCATION OF
THE ALMIGHTY TALLEST'S
ELITE SNACK RESERVES.

AND LOCATION OF
THIS GUY! IRKEN
ENGINEER SKRANG!

SO YOU SEE,
MY TALLEST, THIS
DEVICE—THE SUBQUANTUM
WORMTUNNEL ENACTUATOR—OPENS
A DIMENSIONAL WORMHOLE INTO
THE BASE OF ANY IRKEN INVADER
EQUIPPED WITH A SUB-BOZONIC
ATUNEMENT MATRIX...





YEAH?
IS THAT
GOOD?

IS IT BETTER
THAN THESE MINI MEGA
NACHO-MUNCHINS? MINI
MEGA NACHO-MUNCHINS
ARE PRETTY GOOD.

THE
MUNCHINS
ARE GOOD,
SKRANG.

IT ALLOWS
YOU TO SEND ANY
OBJECT TO ANY
INVADER AT ANY
TIME!



AND THEY
CAN SEND STUFF
BACK TO US, RIGHT?
WE LIKE GETTING
STUFF.

OH, WELL,
IT'S STILL JUST A
PROTOTYPE, MY TALLEST.
IT WORKS ONE WAY, BUT
SENDING THINGS **BACK**
THIS WAY ISN'T WORKING
RIGHT JUST YET.

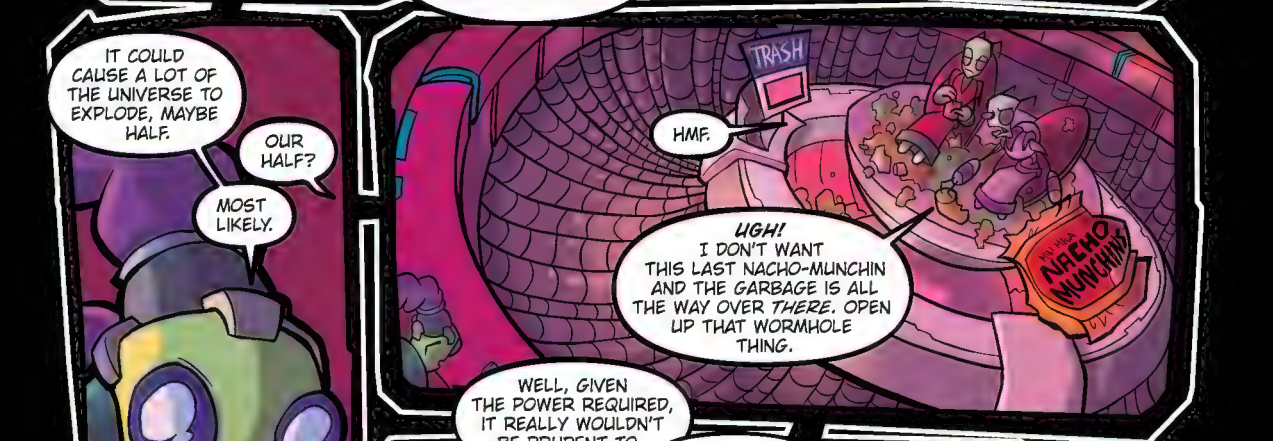
HOW
NOT RIGHT?



IT COULD
CAUSE A LOT OF
THE UNIVERSE TO
EXPLODE, MAYBE
HALF.

OUR
HALF?

MOST
LIKELY.

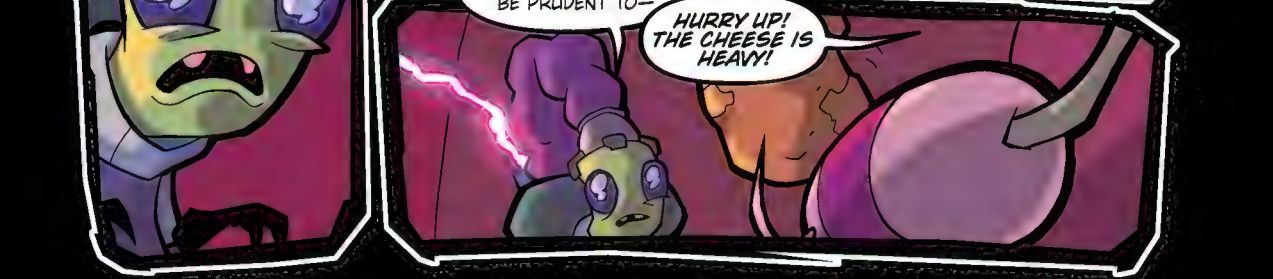


HMF.

UGH!
I DON'T WANT
THIS LAST NACHO-MUNCHIN
AND THE GARBAGE IS ALL
THE WAY OVER **THERE**. OPEN
UP THAT WORMHOLE
THING.

WELL, GIVEN
THE POWER REQUIRED,
IT REALLY WOULDN'T
BE PRUDENT TO—

HURRY UP!
THE CHEESE IS
HEAVY!



ZIM'S BASE.

EARTH.

AT LAST!
MY EXPERIMENTATION
HAS PAID OFF. GIR, I
HAVE DEVELOPED...

NANO-NAISE!

BOOOOOOOOP!

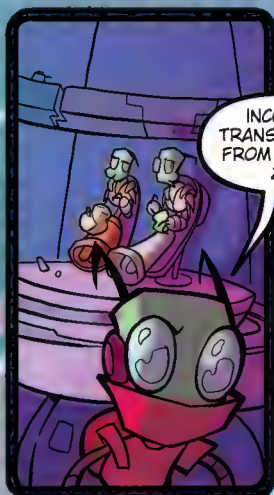
I'LL PRETEND
YOU ASKED WHY, GIR.
BECAUSE THE HUMANS
WILL NEVER EXPECT
IT! OBSERVE THE
GENIUS!

THE
NANO-NAISE IS
BROKEN!
THIS IS
YOUR FAULT,
GIR!

EH?
SWIRLY... HOLE,
HUH?

THUNK

GRKK!



INCOMING
TRANSMISSION!
FROM INVADER
ZIM!

MY TALLEST!
I TRACED THE ORIGIN
OF THE WORMHOLE BACK
TO THE MASSIVE, AND LET
ME JUST SAY **THANK YOU**
FOR ENTRUSTING ME
WITH THIS THING THAT
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT IT IS!

BREATHE,
ZIM.

HHUUUUUUUUHHHHHHH!

OH
MY **BLOOP**,
ZIM THINKS THE
GARBAGE ISN'T
GARBAGE.

ZIM,
YOU'VE BEEN SENT...
OUR GREATEST
SECRET.

**A
SECRET!?!**

WHAT'RE
YOU DOING?

LET'S
HAVE SOME
FUN WITH
HIM.

OH!
I GET IT.
EHHEHHEH.

UH... WELL...
A SECRET WEAPON! SOMETHING
NOBODY ELSE KNOWS ABOUT. SOMETHING
NOBODY ELSE COULD BE TRUSTED
WITH.

**WEAPON?!
WHAT WEAPON?!**



IT'S
THE... UH...
MUNCHITRONIC...
UH... DEATH...
SKRANG...

HEY!
SKRANG IS
MY NAME—

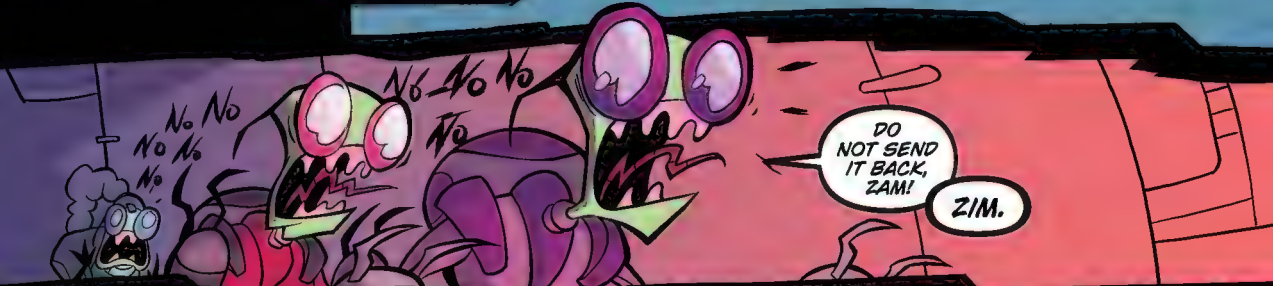
SHHHH!



MUNCHITRONIC
DEATHSKRANG?!?
HOW DOES IT
WORK?!

IT *DOESN'T*.
NOT YET, ANYHOW.
IT HASN'T BEEN
CHARGED.

OH. WELL,
I CAN SEND IT
BACK SO YOU CAN
CHARGE IT!

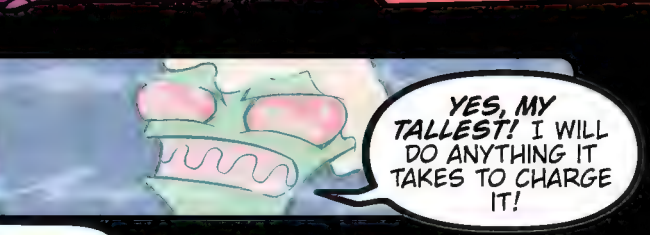


DO
NOT SEND
IT BACK,
ZAM!

ZIM.



YOU MUST
CHARGE IT, INVADER ZIM.
ARE YOU UP TO
THIS TASK?

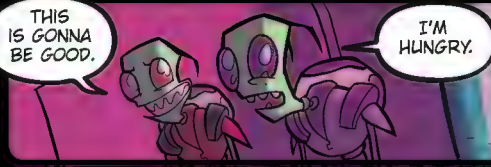


**YES, MY
TALLEST!** I WILL
DO ANYTHING IT
TAKES TO CHARGE
IT!



AAAAAAAAAAAAANYTHING?

AAAAAAAAAAAAANYTHING!



THIS
IS GONNA
BE GOOD.

I'M
HUNGRY.

WHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

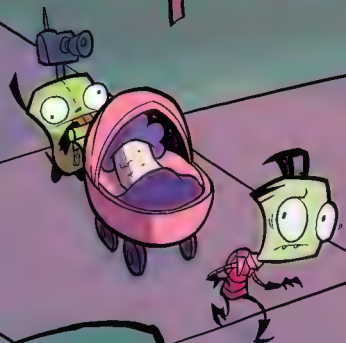
GIR!
WE HAVE A
MISSION! GET OUT
OF THE HOLO-
CHAMBER!

GOODBYE DONUT!
GOODBYE MUSHROOM! I
GONNA TURN YOU OFF
FOREVER NOW.

NOOOOOOOOOO!

"NOOOOO!"
HEE HEE.

FLIP!



OKAY. HEH...
FIRST WE NEED IT
TO SCAN BIOSIGNATURES
OF HUMANS, SO...

HAH! YEAH...
UH... YOU WON'T
GET A GOOD SCAN
UNLESS YOU REALLY
SMACK IT LIKE... HAH...
LIKE REAL HARD
INTO HUMAN FACES.
HAHAH! SORRY...
WE'RE LAUGHING
BECAUSE THIS IS
SO SERIOUS.

EH?

MY, MY,
WHAT A LOVELY
BABY!

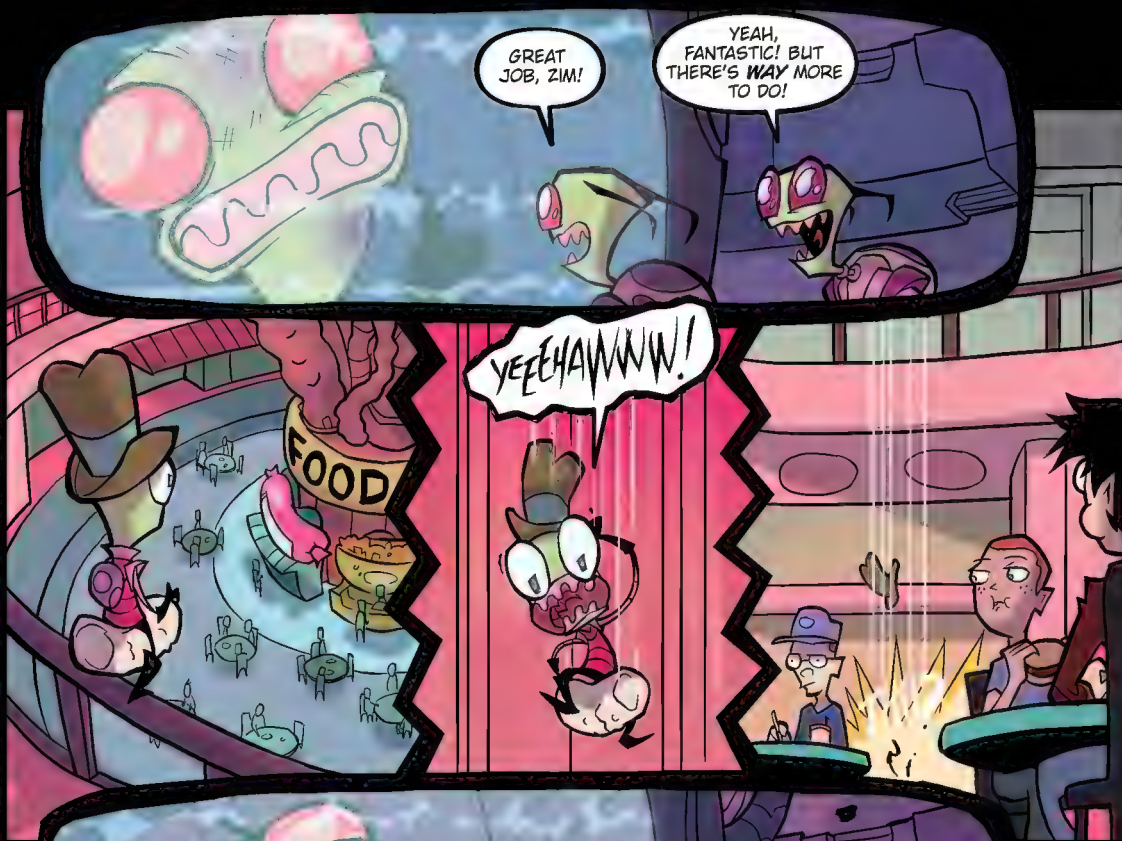
TASTE
THE BABY,
HUMAN!

EHHIGH!

THE
PRUNE-WOMAN
FEELS THE WEAPON'S
POWER, BUT IT'S NOT
ENOUGH. NEED MORE
SCANS!

BLAAH!





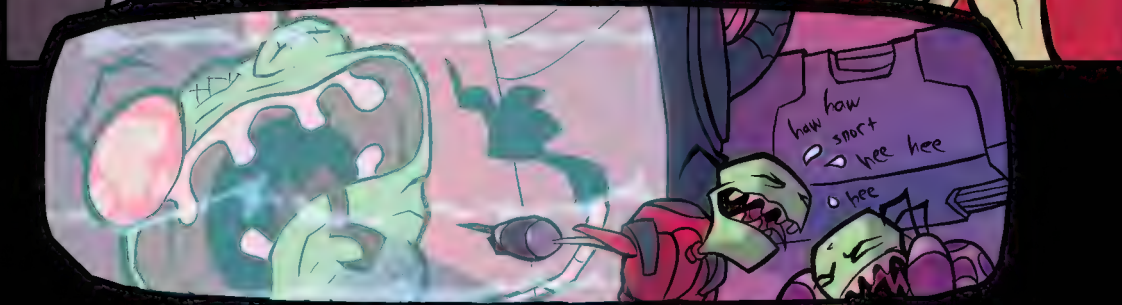
GREAT
JOB, ZIM!

YEAH,
FANTASTIC! BUT
THERE'S WAY MORE
TO DO!

YEEHAWWWW!!



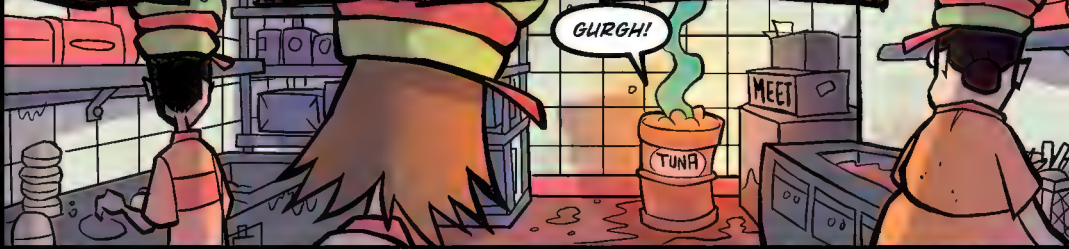
MISS BITTERS,
MY FRIEND HERE NEEDS
ME TO PULL A HAIR FROM
YOUR HEAD FOR SECRET
THINGS. SURELY YOU
WON'T MIND IF I—



how
how
short
hee hee
hee



PREPARE FOR COLLISION AND ACCELERATION OF THE WEAPON'S—



ZIM'S GONNA
REPORT IN SOON.
GOT ANYTHING
FOR HIM?

I DUNNO.
DID WE HAVE HIM
SWIM IN RADIOACTIVE
GARBAGE WHILE
ON FIRE?

YEP.

HOW ABOUT...
HAVE HIM SWIM IN
RADIOACTIVE... FIRE...
WHILE IN GARBAGE?

BEEP
BEEP

INCOMING
TRANSMISSION!

WAIT!
I GOT AN
IDEA!

MY...
TALLEST, MY
SQUEEDLYSPOOCH
IS BURST BUT
I—

THEY'RE
COMING FOR THE
WEAPON, ZIM! THEY'RE
COMING FOR YOU!

WE TRIED
TO KEEP IT SECRET,
BUT WE JUST
COULDN'T...
<SNICKER>

DON'T TRUST
ANYONE ZIM! THIS
MAY BE THE LAST
YOU HEAR FROM
US!

DON'T
CALL US!

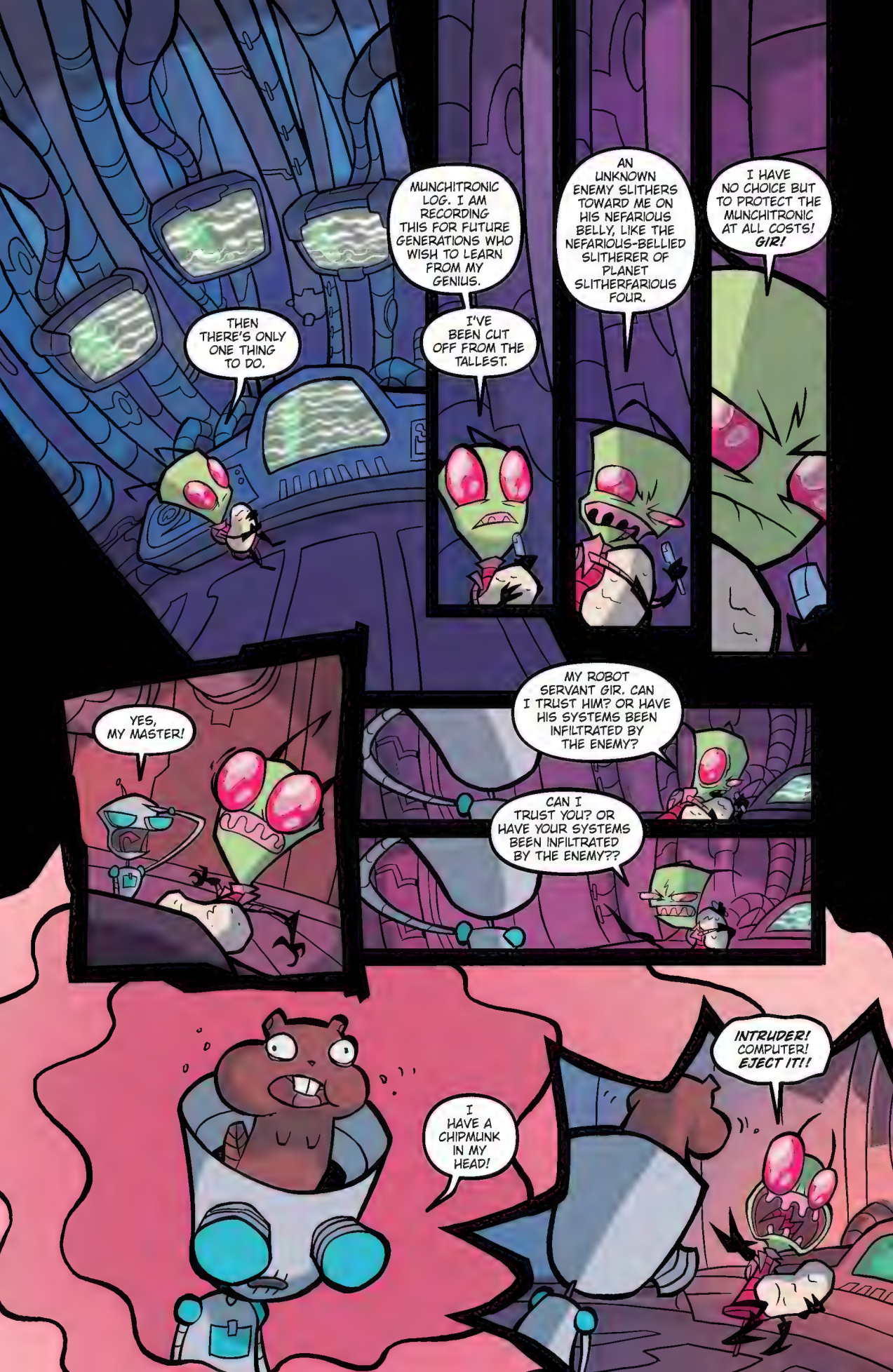
SERIOUSLY,
DO NOT
CALL US!

PROTECT
THE MUNCHITRONIC
DEATHSKRANG, ZIM!
PROTECT IT AT
ALL—

MY TALLEST?
MY TALLEST?!

WANNA
GO SHOOT
LASERS AT
SOMETHING?

YEAH!!!



MUNCHITRONIC LOG. I AM RECORDING THIS FOR FUTURE GENERATIONS WHO WISH TO LEARN FROM MY GENIUS.

AN UNKNOWN ENEMY SLITHERS TOWARD ME ON HIS NEFARIOUS BELLY, LIKE THE NEFARIOUS-BELLIED SLITHERER OF PLANET SLITHERFARIOUS FOUR.

I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO PROTECT THE MUNCHITRONIC AT ALL COSTS! GIR!

THEN THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO.

I'VE BEEN CUT OFF FROM THE TALLEST.

YES, MY MASTER!

MY ROBOT SERVANT GIR. CAN I TRUST HIM? OR HAVE HIS SYSTEMS BEEN INFILTRATED BY THE ENEMY?

CAN I TRUST YOU? OR HAVE YOUR SYSTEMS BEEN INFILTRATED BY THE ENEMY??

INTRUDER! COMPUTER! EJECT IT!!

I HAVE A CHIPMUNK IN MY HEAD!



MY
ENEMIES MAY
BE OUTSIDE. STALKING
ME. ON STALKS. LITTLE
STALKING STALKS.

DEFENSE
GNOMES! ACTIVATE
MOTION TRACKING!
DESTROY ANYTHING
THAT MOVES!



MOTION
DETECTED

DESTROY
TARGET!

WHAT'S THAT?
I'M UNDER ATTACK!
COMPUTER! STATUS
REPORT!

ALL GNOMES
DEFENSES HAVE
BEEN DESTROYED.

WHAT
KIND OF ENEMY
AM I FACING?!

WHY ARE YOU
SO NOSEY?

LOCK
DOWN THE BASE
IMMEDIATELY! MAXIMUM
MAXIMUMNESS!

SLAM

SLAM

SLAM

SLAM

WITH THE
BASE NOW SECURE,
I CAN REST SECURE.
THERE IS NO POSSIBLE
WAY ANY LIVING
CREATURE
COULD—

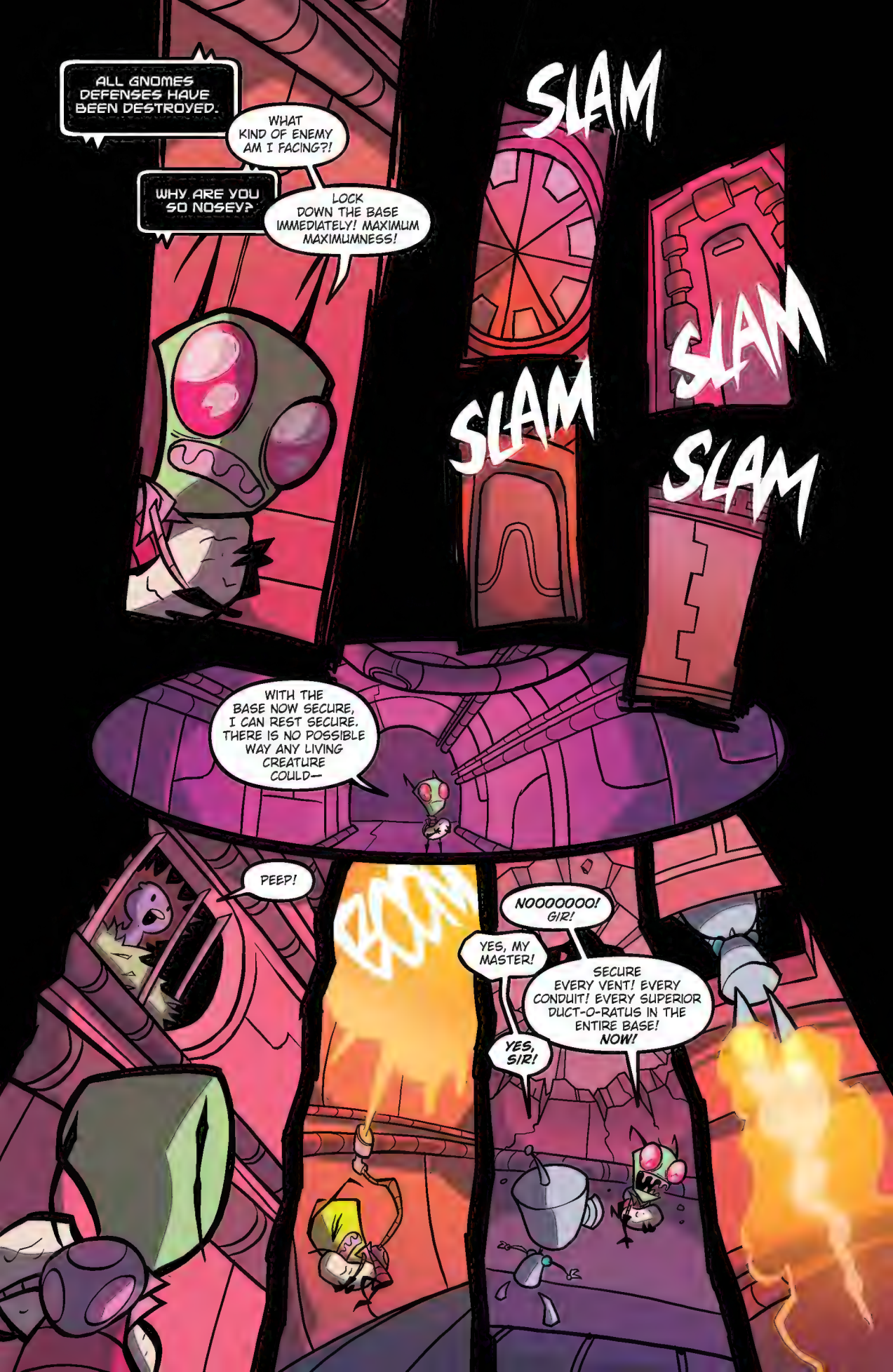
PEEP!

NOOOOOOO!
GIR!

YES, MY
MASTER!

SECURE
EVERY VENT! EVERY
CONDUIT! EVERY SUPERIOR
DUCT-O-RATUS IN THE
ENTIRE BASE!
NOW!

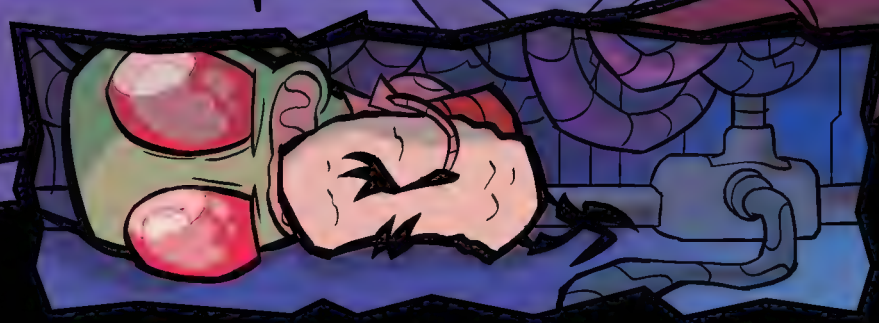
YES,
SIR!



CLUNK
CLUNK
CLUNK

THAT SOUND!
THE CLUNKING! IS IT
GIR? OR IS IT AN ENEMY MADE
OF CLUNKS? A PURE CLUNK BEING?
WHAT WOULD SUCH A CREATURE BE
CALLED? CLUNKULON? CAN I
TAKE THE RISK THAT
CLUNKULON HUNTS
ME EVEN NOW!?

THUNK
GRUNK



CLUNK
CLANK

I SHALL
RETREAT TO THE
SAFENESS
ROOM!

SAFENESS
ROOM

IT'S NOT
SAFE ENOUGH
IN HERE!

I SHALL
FORTIFY MYSELF
INSIDE THE
SAFENESS
BOX!

SAFENESS
BOX

STILL
NOT SAFE
ENOUGH!

I SHALL
DIG MYSELF A
SAFENESS
HOLE!



INVADER'S LOG. I SAFELY HOLED MYSELF SAFELY AWAY FROM THE FILTHY ENEMIES WHO HOPE TO MAKE THIS WEAPON THEIR OWN.

RIGHT NOW, EVERY HIRED WEAPON-STEALER IN THE GALAXY IS STALKING MY BASE.

I CAN ALMOST HEAR THEM, HEAR THEIR WET, WHEEZY BREATHING AS THEY LOOK FOR ANY CRACK OR FLAW IN MY DEFENSES. I CAN SMELL THEIR NOSES NOSING AROUND NOSILY.

THEY WON'T GET THE MUNCHITRONIC FROM ME! **NOBODY WILL GET IT FROM ME. NOBODY!!** **AHHHAHAHAH!**

NO MATTER WHAT THEY TRY! NO MATTER WHAT THEY DO! I WILL NEVER MOVE FROM THIS—

DING DONG

HUHH?

DING DONG

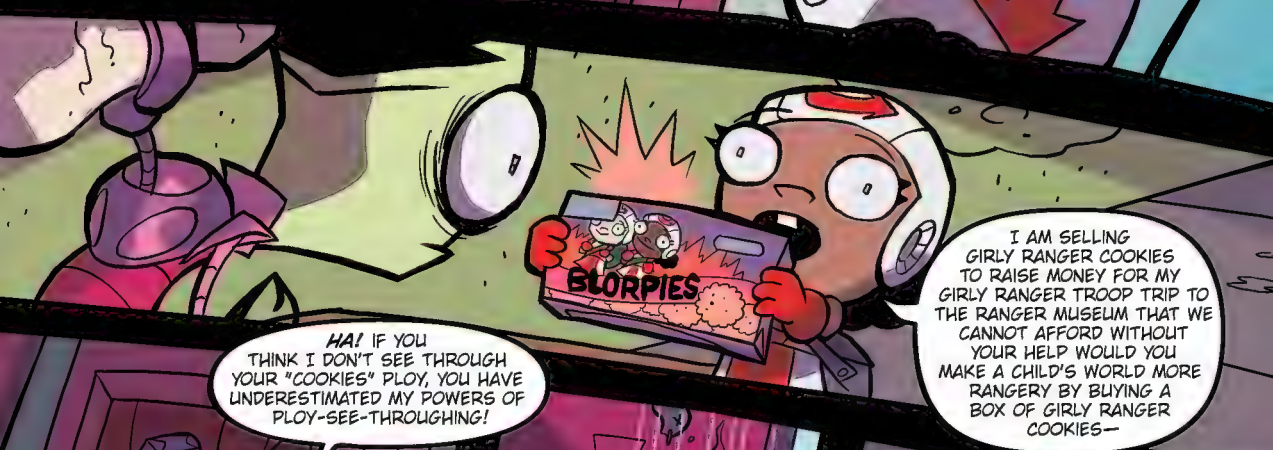
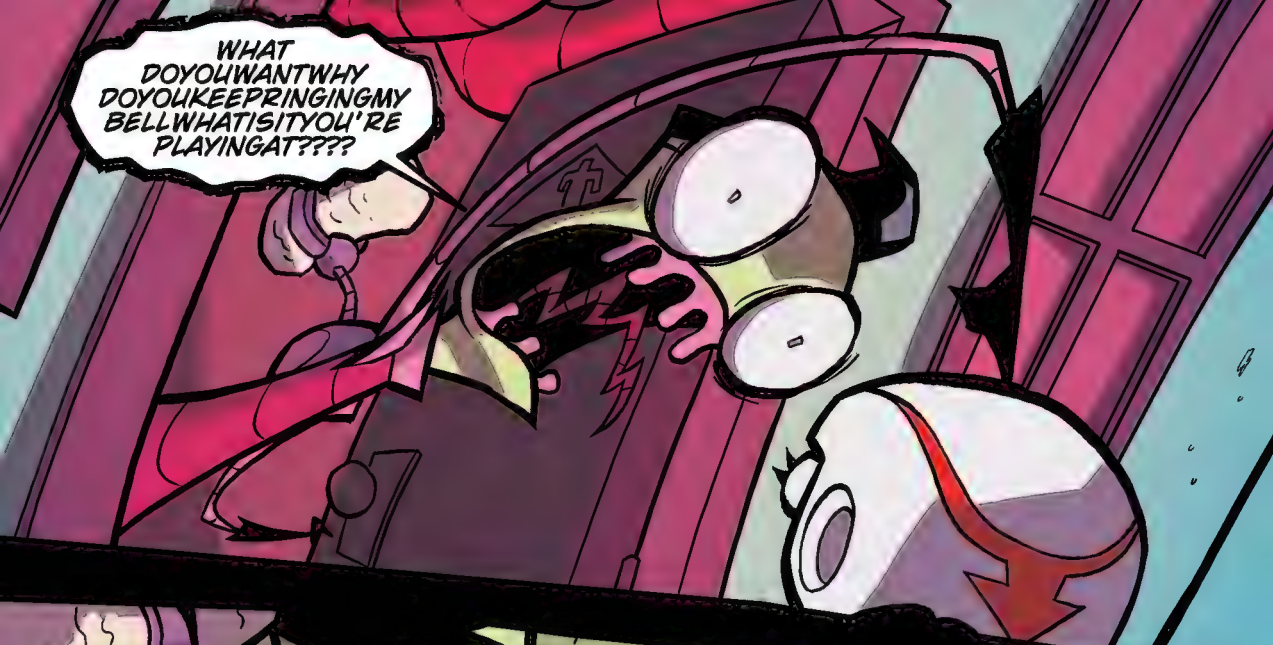
WHAT IS YOUR GAME, VILE ENEMY? WHY HAVE YOU TAKEN THIS FORM?

IF YOU THINK I WILL FALL FOR YOUR TRANSPARENT ATTEMPT TO LURE ME FROM MY HIDING PLACE, YOU ARE SADLY MISTAKEN!

YOUR PLAN IS SO OBVIOUS IT'S...

DING DONG

WHAT
DO YOU WANT WHY
DO YOU KEEP BRINGING MY
BELL WHAT IS IT YOU'RE
PLAYING AT????



HA! IF YOU
THINK I DON'T SEE THROUGH
YOUR "COOKIES" PLOY, YOU HAVE
UNDERESTIMATED MY POWERS OF
POY-SEE-THROUGHING!

I AM SELLING
GIRLY RANGER COOKIES
TO RAISE MONEY FOR MY
GIRLY RANGER TROOP TRIP TO
THE RANGER MUSEUM THAT WE
CANNOT AFFORD WITHOUT
YOUR HELP WOULD YOU
MAKE A CHILD'S WORLD MORE
RANGERY BY BUYING A
BOX OF GIRLY RANGER
COOKIES—



GIR!

SEE HOW
LITTLE I FEAR
YOUR SO-CALLED
"COOKIES!"
HA!



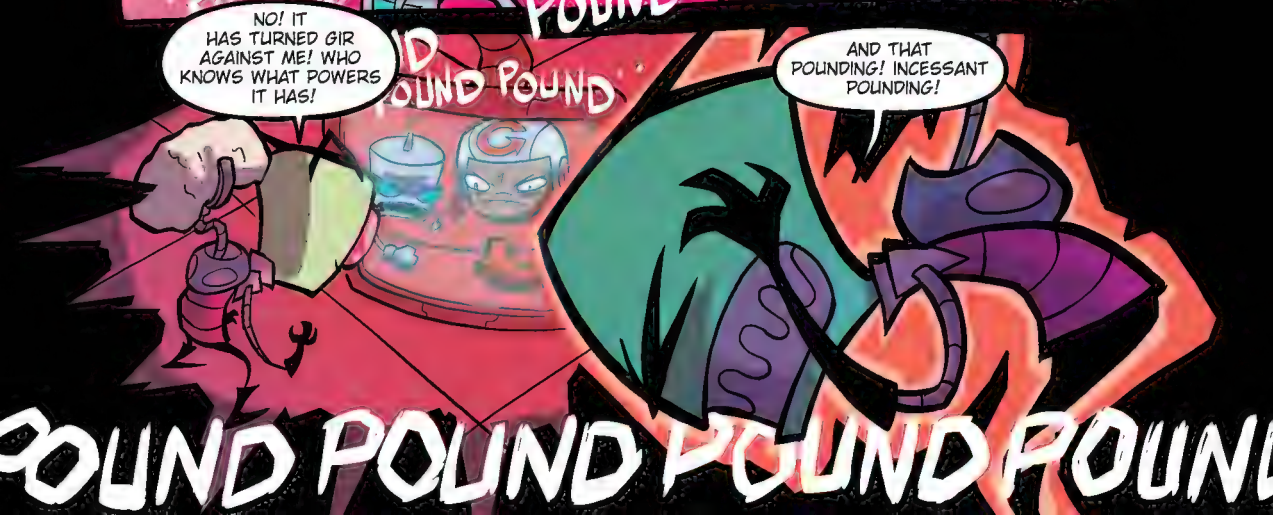
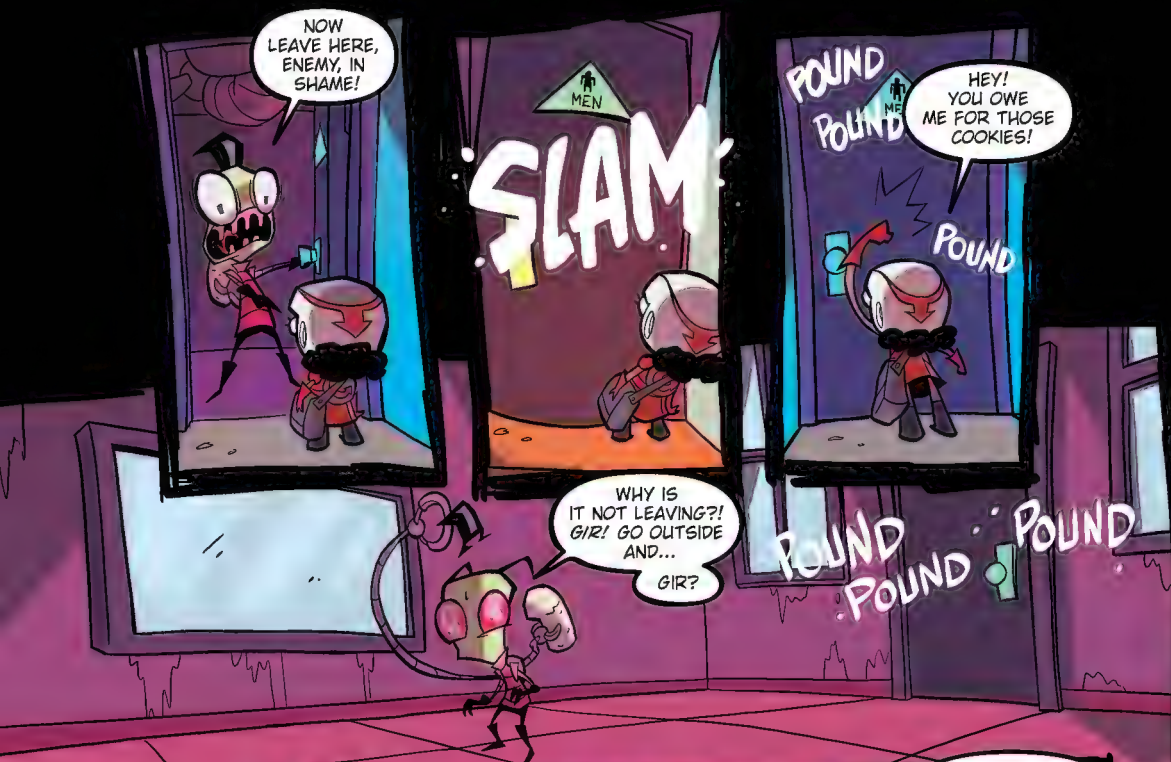
HA!

BLAM!

HEY!

IEEEEGH!!!
COOKIE
SHRAPNEL!!!

EEOOOGH!!
PAINFUL AND
DELICIOUS!!!



ROUND
ROUND
ROUND

THE ENEMY
HAS TURNED MY
SERVANT ON ME! THE
WALLS ARE CLOSING
IN!

COULD THIS
BE THE END? HAVE
I FAILED MY TALLEST
AND THE MIGHTY IRKEN
EMPIRE? IS *THIS* THE
END OF THE AMAZING
ZIM AND HOW AMAZING
HE WAS BECAUSE
HE WAS ME?


NO! THE
MOST IMPORTANT
THING IS TO **PROTECT**
THE MUNCHITRONIC!

I KNOW
WHAT I MUST
DO.

INCOMING
TRANSMISSION!
FROM INVADER
ZIM!

SEND
IT TO VOICE
MAIL.







MY TALLEST.
I DO NOT KNOW IF YOU
CAN HEAR ME, BUT TO PROTECT
THE MUNCHITRONIC DEATHSKRANG,
I HAVE REVERSE ENGINEERED THE
WORMHOLE, AND WILL SEND IT TO
YOUR LAST KNOWN
LOCATION!



SEND IT
BACK? NO! NO!
NO! NO!



IT COULD
BLOW UP HALF
OF SPACE!



THEN I
WILL SET MY BASE TO
COMPRESSION DEFENSE MODE
AND WAIT UNTIL THE SITUATION
IS SAFE. OR UNTIL YOU SEND
ME A MEDAL FOR MY
GENIUSNESS.
INVADER ZIM...
OUT!



CALL ZIM!
MAKE HIM STOP!
NOW!

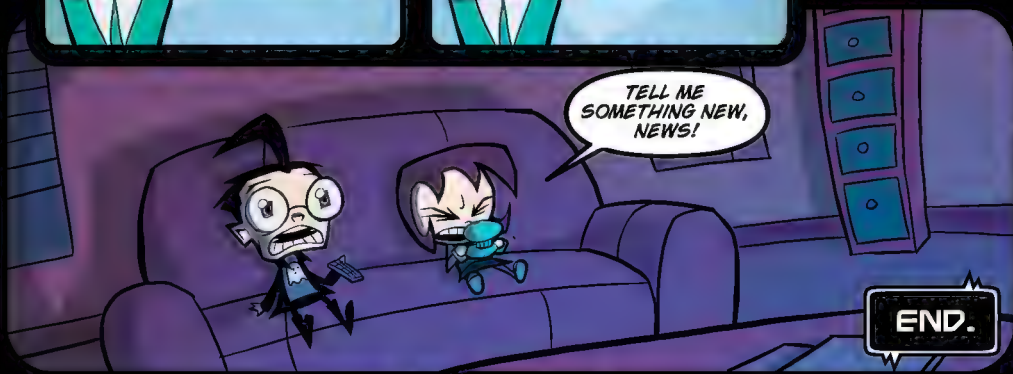


SHUNK

CRUNK

FLUOP
PERK

FLUOGH



INVADER ZIM



INVADER ZIM ISSUE #5
ON SALE 11.18.15



INVADER ZAM

TM



PREVIOUSLY ON INVADER ZIM

Hey, guys! HAHAAH! WHY AM I LAUGHING?! Anyhow, Last issue, uh, a bunch of stuff happened and it was AWESOME except some stuff I HATED because I don't remember why. ZIM should probably be dead after that issue but, I think the whole EARTH was dead, like, TWO issues back so I don't even know. I'm gonna be honest, though, I haven't read THIS issue yet but I flipped through it and I DON'T THINK ZIM'S EVEN IN this one so I'M PRETTY ANGRY!! How can it be called INVADER ZIM and not be about ZIM?! HOW?! SERIOUSLY I'M SO ANGRY!! I'VE NEVER BEEN SO ANGRY IN MY LIFE! HAHAAHAAHAAH

I'm okay again.



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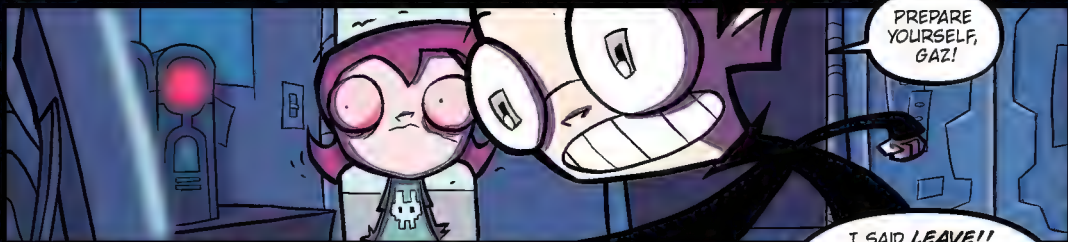
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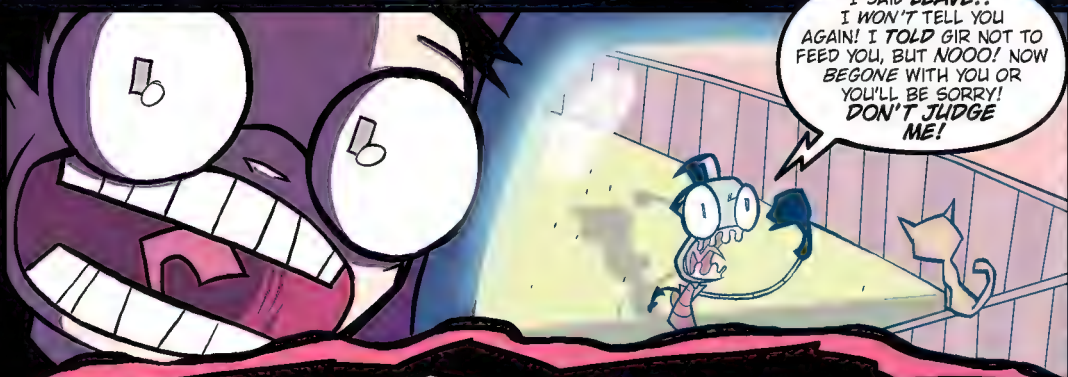
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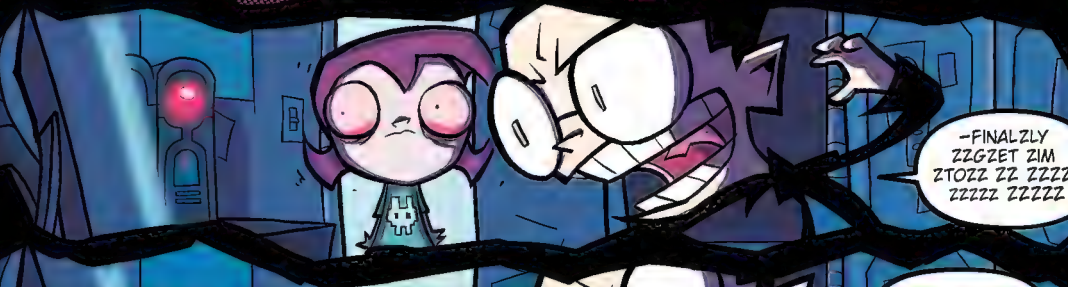
PREPARE
YOURSELF,
GAZ!



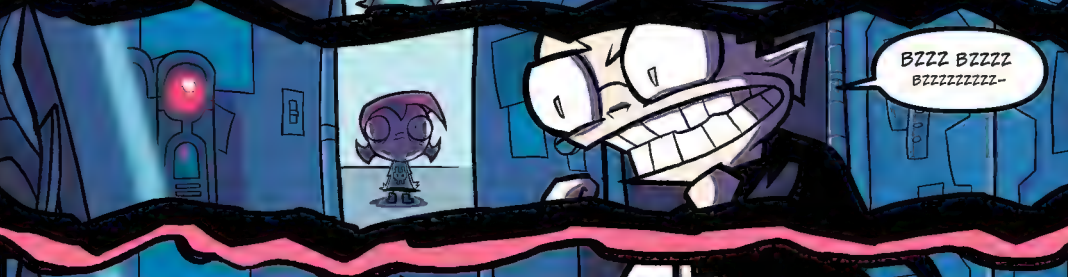
I SAID **LEAVE!!**
I WON'T TELL YOU
AGAIN! I **TOLD** GIR NOT TO
FEED YOU, BUT **NOOO!** NOW
BEGONE WITH YOU OR
YOU'LL BE SORRY!
**DON'T JUDGE
ME!**



THIS IS **HUGE**,
GAZ! I'M NOT SURE
WHAT IT **MEANS** YET, BUT
WITH A CONVINCING ENOUGH
CAT SUIT AND A NUCLEAR
BOMB DISCREETLY TUCKED
UNDER A TOP HAT, I
THINK I CAN—



—FINALLY
ZZGZET ZIM
ZTOZZ ZZ ZZZZ
ZZZZ ZZZZZ



BZZZ BZZZZ
BZZZZZZZZ—



YEAH, I'M
PRETTY EXHAUSTED
FROM ALL THIS TOO!
NIGHT!



JUST GONNA
UPLOAD THIS TO THE
TRUTHSHRIEKER FORUMS AND
REST UP FOR DEFENDING
MYSELF AGAINST THE INEVITABLE
RAGE FROM PEOPLE WHO
DON'T LIKE HAVING THEIR
MINDS BLOWN.

CLACK

THE HUMBLE BUNDLE OF HORRORS

THE NEXT MORNING.

WHAT A GREAT SLEEP! OOH! SOMETHING SMELLS GOOOOOD. I'M COMING FOR YOU, BREAKFAST. EHHEHHEH.

I'M NOT KIDDING, BREAKFAST—I'M TOTALLY GONNA EAT YOUR FACE. MORNING, DAD!

MORNING, SON! I LOVE YOU SO MUCH, BUT DON'T YOU THINK YOU SHOULD SEE WHO'S AT THE DOOR?

WHUH? I DON'T HEAR ANY—

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

WHOA. UH... I GUESS I'LL GO SEE WHO'S AT THE DOOR, THEN.



DIB
MEMBRANE!
IN STRICT ADHERENCE
WITH CODE 46 OF
GAMERLAW
YOU HAVE BEEN
DECLARED
AN NPC.


THE LIFE
YOU KNOW
IS NOW
OVER.



AAAGH!
WHAT'S GOING ON?
DAD, HELP!

WAIT
JUST A SECOND
NOW!



WHAT...
HAPPENED TO THE
WORLD?! WHY IS EVERYONE
CYBORG PEOPLE NOW?
WHY DO THEY KEEP
CALLING ME "ENN
PEE SEE"?!


NOT
MUCH OF A
GAMER, ARE
YOU?

WHAT?
NO. I'M MORE
OF A—

INTRODUCTIONS.
I AM LORD VOXELROT
AND I RULE THIS WORLD NOW.
IN THE OLD WORLD AN NPC
WAS A "NON PLAYABLE
CHARACTER" USUALLY
JUST AN EMPTY BACKGROUND
ENTITY, A PERSON OF
LITTLE IMPORTANCE.

OH.

SHUT UP.
I WAS MAKING
A JOKE. OF COURSE
YOU'RE NOT A GAMER.
YOU WOULDN'T BE ON
YOUR WAY TO THE
CONSOLE IF
YOU WERE.

YOU'RE
NOT MAKING
ANY SENSE.

IN MY WORLD,
THIS WORLD FOR
GAMERS, PEOPLE WHO
DON'T GAME ARE OF
LITTLE CONSEQUENCE
AND ARE TO BE
DESTROYED.

WAIT!
THEN I'M A
GAMER! I PLAY
GAMES SOMETIMES,
TOO!

OH! OH, YOU
DOP! DANG, I'M
SORRY! LIKE, YOU
MEAN PHONE GAMES
WHERE YOU CAN PAY
REAL MONEY TO BUY
FAKE MONEY TO SPEED
UP TIMERS AND
STUFF?

YEAH! YEAH!
I'M KINDA **OBSESSED**
WITH THIS ONE WHERE
YOU RUN A FRUIT STAND!
I PAID **FIVE BUCKS** TO
RIPEN SOME BANANAS
AND I WAS ALL
WOOOO—

**YOU MAKE
ME SICK, YOU SAD
GOBLIN! MINE IS A
WORLD FOR REAL
GAMERS!**



BIT
CRUSHERS.
PREPARE THE
CONSOLE FOR
ONE MORE!

YES, LORD
VOXELROT!

RUMBLE

RUMBLE

YOUR KIND HAS
PLAGUED ME FROM
THE START. JUDGING
ME, NOT UNDERSTANDING
THE HEART OF A TRUE
GAMER. OR HEARTS.
DEPENDING ON THE GAME.
NO MORE! I SAVED YOU
FOR LAST BECAUSE YOU
WERE THE WORST. AND
NOW THE WORLD GETS
TO WATCH YOU PAY
THE PRICE FOR YOUR
CRIMES AGAINST
HUMANITY.

NO!
NOOO—

HOLD ON.
GAME-MANITY?
DOES THAT
WORK?

IT'S
PRETTY
GOOD. GO
WITH IT.

GAMANITY?
HUME-GAMITY?

GETTING
WEIRD NOW, BUT
I LOVE IT.



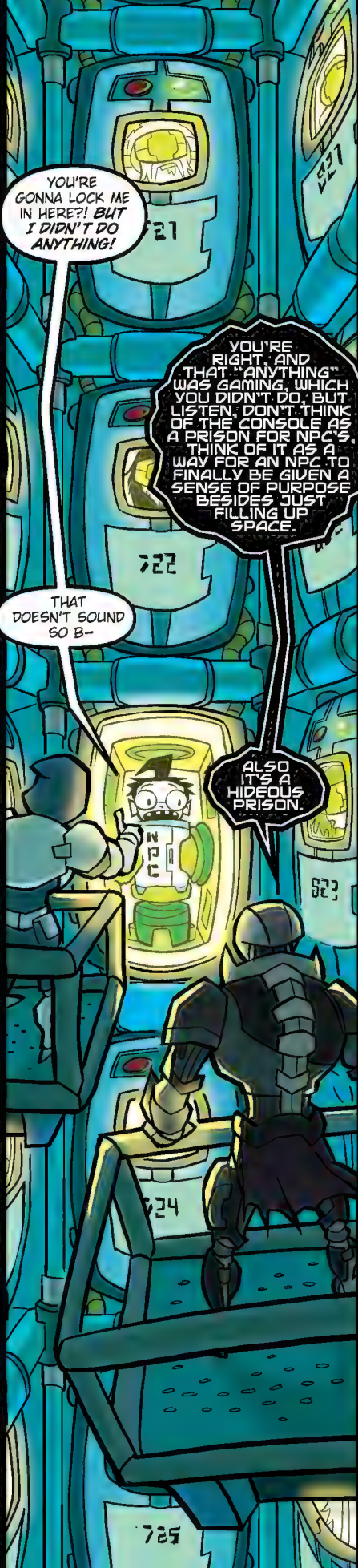
SWEET.
**PLUG
HIM IN!!**

YOU'RE
GONNA LOCK ME
IN HERE?! BUT
I DIDN'T DO
ANYTHING!

YOU'RE
RIGHT, AND
THAT "ANYTHING"
WAS GAMING, WHICH
YOU DIDN'T DO. BUT
LISTEN, DON'T THINK
OF THE CONSOLE AS
A PRISON FOR NPC'S.
I THINK OF IT AS A
WAY FOR AN NPC TO
FINALLY BE GIVEN A
SENSE OF PURPOSE
BESIDES JUST
FILLING UP
SPACE.

THAT
DOESN'T SOUND
SO B-

ALSO
IT'S A
HIDEOUS
PRISON.



NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

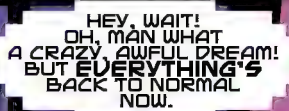


SLAM!

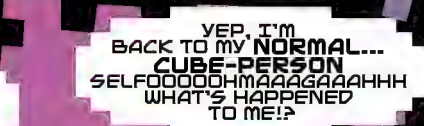




NOOOOO!



HEY, WAIT!
OH, MAN WHAT
A CRAZY DREAM!
BUT EVERYTHING'S
BACK TO NORMAL
NOW.



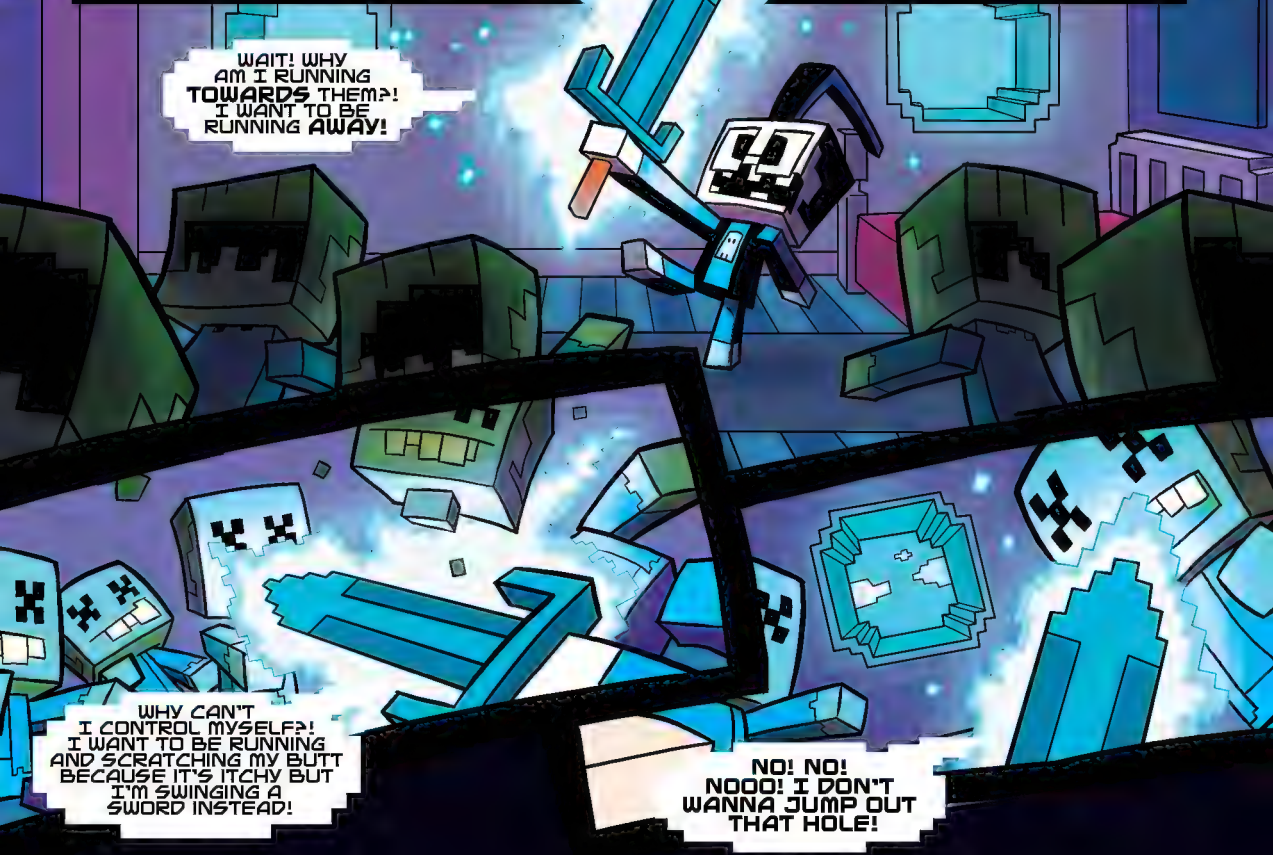
YEP, I'M
BACK TO MY NORMAL...
CUBE-PERSON
SELF00000HMAAAGAAHHH
WHAT'S HAPPENED
TO ME?!



BWAAAAAAAAAINZZZZZZ

WHAT?!
BLOCKY ZOMBIES!!
AAAAAGH!

WAIT! WHY
AM I RUNNING
TOWARDS THEM?!
I WANT TO BE
RUNNING AWAY!



WHY CAN'T
I CONTROL MYSELF?!
I WANT TO BE RUNNING
AND SCRATCHING MY BUTT
BECAUSE IT'S ITCHY BUT
I'M SWINGING A
SWORD INSTEAD!

NO! NO!
NOOO! I DON'T
WANNA JUMP OUT
THAT HOLE!

MOOOOF!

OW! OH
THAT HURT SO
BAD, BUT AT LEAST
THERE AREN'T
ANY-

AAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!

AAAAAAAAAGH!
THEY'RE EATING
MY BLOCKY
INNARDS!

WHAT THE
HECK WAS
THAT?!

SO YEAH,
THAT WASN'T SO
BAD, WAS IT?

IT WAS
THE MOST HORRIBLE
THING I'VE EVER
EXPERIENCED!

M'YAWWWWWW,
THANKS, BUT I'M
IMMUNE TO
FLATTERY.

I
WASN'T
F--

**I SAID
THANKS!**

SO YOU
NOTICED HOW YOU
HAD NO CONTROL OVER
YOUR ACTIONS IN THE
CONSOLE? THAT'S BECAUSE
A GAMER, CHOSEN AT RANDOM,
IS OPERATING YOU IN THE
SIMULATION REMOTELY WHILE
YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS
AND FEELING REMAINS
INTACT.

I COULD
FEEL THE ZOMBIES
EATING MY BUTT.

**SHUT UP
ABOUT YOUR
BUTT!**

SO ANYHOW,
ABOUT YOUR BUTT.
THAT CONSOLE SLOT YOU'RE
IN WAS SPECIALLY MADE JUST
FOR YOU SO THAT, WHILE
YOU'RE IN THE SIMULATION,
A ROBOTIC BOOT KICKS
YOU IN THE BUTT.

WH...
WHY?

**BECAUSE THE
FUTURE!**

BUT WHY
ME? WHY DO I GET
THE SPECIAL BUTT-KICKING
SLOT? OKAY, SO I'M NOT A
GAMER, BUT SO WHAT? I
CAN'T YOU JUST GAME
AND NOT CARE WHAT
I DO?

ARE YOU
SQUEAKING
KIDDING ME?!
NOT CARE?
NOT CARE?!!

BLUUUUUUHHH!!

PZZZZT!

IF I ONLY
COULD NOT CARE, BUT NOOOOOO!
YOU MAKE ME CARE, WHETHER I LIKE IT OR NOT!
YOU WANT TO BE LEFT TO YOUR STUUUUUUUPID
BUSINESS, BUT EVERY CHANCE YOU GET, YOU
THINK EVERYONE, YOU THINK I HAVE TO HEAR
ABOUT THAT BUSINESS,
DON'T YEUWWP?!

HEY, GUY,
YOU'RE SOUNDING **REAL**
PERSONAL ABOUT THIS, AND
IT'S WEIRDING ME OUT. IF YOU
REALLY KNEW ME, YOU'D
KNOW HOW IMPORTANT
EVERYTHING I DO
REALLY IS.

THAT WAS TOO
MANY "REALLY"'S!
BACK TO THE CONSOLE
BEFORE I GET SO ANGRY
AT YOU I CRUSH
YOUR HEAD!

AAAAAAAAAAH!

NOOOOOOOO!!!

CHUNK

DEEP

WHAT A
TERRIBLE--

THE BINDING OF BLEEP BLOOP.

ROOM 1

SURVIVE

OH NO
IT'S STILL
HAPPENING!

OKAY...
WHERE AM I? HIDEOUS
BASEMENT WITH PILES OF
GOOP AND WHAT I **HOPE** IS
TOMATO SAUCE SPLATTERED
ALL OVER THE PLACE.

CAN'T...
CONTROL MY
ACTIONS AGAIN!
HELP! HELP!

WHOEVER'S
PLAYING ME, WATCH
OUT FOR THE SPIKES!
THOSE FLIES DON'T LOOK
TOO FRIENDLY EITH-

WHAAAAAAAAAAAAHHH!
WHAT IS THAT?!

SHLOP

UHH! UHHH!
DON'T I GET A SWORD
OR SOMETHING?! HOW
DO I FIGHT THIS TH-

SSSSPLOOO

HOLD UP! WHAT
JUST CAME OUT OF
MY EYES?! WHATEVER
BUTTON YOU PRESSED,
NEVER PRESS IT
AGAIN-

BOOOOOHOOOO
HOOOOOOOOOOO!

AAAAAAAAAAAAA-

BOOM

-AAAAAAAGH!

YA KNOW, NORMALLY AN NPC STAYS IN THE CONSOLE WITH NO BREAKS LIKE YOU'RE GETTING, BUT I CAN'T HELP WANTING TO CHECK IN ON YOU, MAKE SURE YOU'RE HAVING FUN.

I WAS IN A GOOP WORLD FIGHTING MONSTERS WITH YELLOW EYE-JUICE LASERS I FIRED FROM MY EYES.

GAMES ARE SO COOL.

HOW CAN YOU DO THIS TO ME?? TO ALL THESE PEOPLE! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU TO MAKE YOU DO SOMETHING THIS HORRIBLE?! WHO ARE YOU?!

YOU WANT ANSWERS, HUH?

YAH HUH.

HOW CAN I DO THIS? ANSWER: HAPPILY.

WHAT HAPPENED TO ME? YOU HAPPENED TO ME. YOU AND YOUR NON-GAMING KIND. WHO AM I? WELL...

THAT YOU'LL NEVER FIND OUT. I'LL KEEP YOU HOOKED UP TO THE CONSOLE FOREVER AND YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE TO WONDER JUST-

OKAY FINE IT'S ME! BAM!

GUMMIE

GAZ?! BUT... HUUHH??

BLUHH!
WHUHHH?! I'M
DIB AND I'M ALL
HUHHHHH? AND
DUHHHHH AND
SHMOOOOP.

THAT
DOESN'T
SOUND
LIKE ME.

IT'S
CRAZY HOW
MUCH THAT
SOUNDS
LIKE YOU.

BIT CRUSHERS,
DISCONNECT THE NPC.
HE'LL BE JOINING
ME FOR DINNER.

OOH! I'M
STARVED!

BLOATY'S
PIZZA
HOG

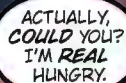
GAZ.
WHATEVER I
DID, I'M SORRY.
OKAY?

PSHHFFFT.
YOU'D SAY
ANYTHING TO
ESCAPE RIGHT
NOW. YOU'RE
NOT SORRY.

OKAY, GAZ.
GOOD ONE. NOW
STOP PLAYING AROUND
AND FIX WHATEVER YOU
DID SO I CAN GET
BACK TO SAVING
MANKIND FROM—



HNNNGHHH!!
IF I DIDN'T LOVE
PIZZA SO MUCH I'D
BE THROWING IT
IN YOUR FACE
RIGHT NOW!



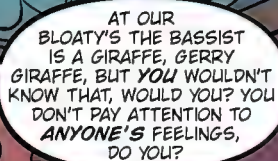
ACTUALLY,
COULD YOU?
I'M REAL
HUNGRY.



THE
BASSIST IS
A **POTATO**
HERE. WEIRD,
RIGHT?



HUH?

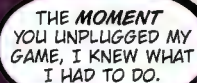


AT OUR
BLOATY'S THE BASSIST
IS A GIRAFFE, GERRY
GIRAFFE, BUT **YOU** WOULDN'T
KNOW THAT, WOULD YOU? YOU
DON'T PAY ATTENTION TO
ANYONE'S FEELINGS,
DO YOU?

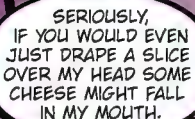


BUT
GIRAFFE ISN'T
A FEELING.

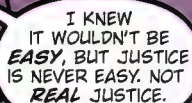
ANGRIEST FLASHBACK EVER



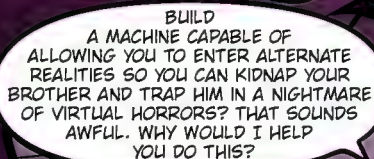
THE **MOMENT**
YOU UNPLUGGED MY
GAME, I KNEW WHAT
I HAD TO DO.



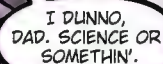
SERIOUSLY,
IF YOU WOULD EVEN
JUST DRAPE A SLICE
OVER MY HEAD SOME
CHEESE MIGHT FALL
IN MY MOUTH.



I KNEW
IT WOULDN'T BE
EASY, BUT JUSTICE
IS NEVER EASY. NOT
REAL JUSTICE.




BUILD
A MACHINE CAPABLE OF
ALLOWING YOU TO ENTER ALTERNATE
REALITIES SO YOU CAN KIDNAP YOUR
BROTHER AND TRAP HIM IN A NIGHTMARE
OF VIRTUAL HORRORS? THAT SOUNDS
AWFUL. WHY WOULD I HELP
YOU DO THIS?



I DUNNO,
DAD. SCIENCE OR
SOMETHIN'.



WHAAAAAT?!
I'LL DO IT!



USING DAD'S MACHINE, I SEARCHED AND SEARCHED FOR THE PERFECT WORLD FOR MY PLAN, A WORLD WHERE GAMERS RULED AND PEOPLE WHO DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THE GLORY OF GAMING WERE PUNISHED FOR BEING SO LAME.

AND I FOUND IT, DIB. **THIS** WORLD. NOT EVERYTHING WAS PERFECT, THOUGH. IT ALREADY HAD A GAME-MASTER, A GUY NAMED CLARENCE WONG. IN ANOTHER LIFE, HE AND I WOULD'VE BEEN GOOD FRIENDS, BUT HE WAS IN THE WAY...

WAIT... WHERE ARE THE ALTERNATE REALITY VERSIONS OF US, GAZ?

ALTERNATE YOU WAS BALD, AND ALTERNATE ME HAD WEIRD HAIR. YOU SEEING THEM WOULD'VE RUINED THE IMMERSION. THEY HAD TO GO.

UHHH...

YOU KNOW WHAT **PUNCHING** A HOLE INTO OTHER WORLDS DOES, DIB? IT'S NOT PRETTY. DO IT THE WRONG WAY AND IT **TEARS REALITIES** APART, AND IT TOOK ME A LOT OF TRIES TO GET IT RIGHT. I'VE LEFT A TRAIL OF TERRIBLE MISTAKES BEHIND ME JUST TO MAKE THIS PLAN WORK. **ALL FOR YOU.**

TO MAKE YOU PAYYYY.

GAZ, YOU'VE GONE CRAZY!

YOU DON'T
KNOW CRAZY, YET,
BUT YOU WILL.

HOPE YOU'RE
COMFORTABLE, NPC,
BECAUSE THIS'LL BE YOUR
LONGEST SESSION, AND THIS
TIME IT WON'T BE JUST SOME
RANDOM PLAYER CONTROLLING
YOU. I'VE HANDPICKED OUR
WORST, MOST INSANE
GAMER TO OPERATE
YOU.

BRING OUT
"THE MADMAN"!

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

EEEE
HEEHEEHEE!
HI, PEANUTS!

FOR THE
GAMERS!

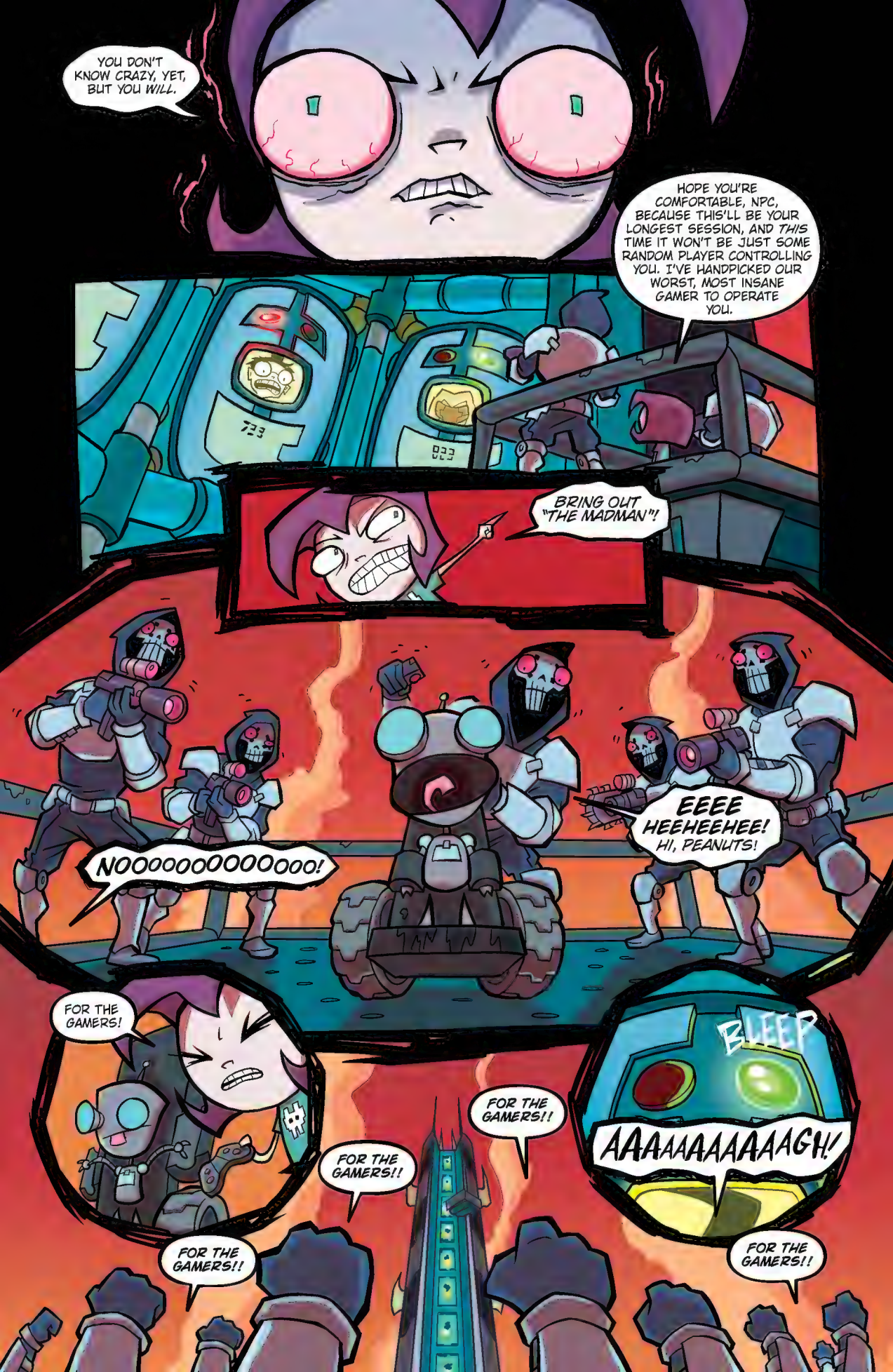
FOR THE
GAMERS!!

FOR THE
GAMERS!!

FOR THE
GAMERS!!

AAAAAAGH!

FOR THE
GAMERS!!



LET'S PLAY DIB

SOLDIER OF DOODY 25

WHY AM I
JUST STANDING
HERE?! RUN! RUN!
WHY AM I DROPPING
A FUSION GRENADE
IN MY PANTS?!

I'M
FILLED WITH
CHAOS!

EEHEEHEE!
HIS PANTS
EXPLODING!!

DANK SOULS

THAT
MONSTER IS
COMING RIGHT AT ME!
STOP MAKING ME
DANCE!
AAAAAAGH!

ME
WASN'T GONNA KILL,
BUT THEN SEE DANCE.
MUST KILL LIKE
NEVER BEFORE.

BLOATYO KART 9

GO! GO! GO!
STOP DOING DONUTS!
THAT PIZZA'S GONNA
HIT US! WHY DO YOU
KEEP DOING DO-WAIT...
YOU'RE EATING A DONUT,
AREN'T YOU?

PUZHOLE

OKAAAAAY!
BEEN FALLING FOR
LIKE AN HOUR NOW! I
THINK THAT'S
ENOUGH!

AAAAAAAAAGHHH!!!

CRITTER DEBT SIMULATOR

YA DON'T
PAYS YOUR MORTGAGE
YOU GETS YOUR LEGS
BROKE. PAY UP!

I HAD NO
CONTROL! I DIDN'T
WANNA BUY THE HOUSE!
I CAN BARELY AFFORD
THE ONE I ALREADY
HAVE!

YOU
MAKE ME
DO DIS!!

BLAAAAHHAAHAHGH!!!

ANGRY TURDS

ANGRY TURDS.
HUH? THIS DOESN'T
SEEM SO BAD. KINDA
PEACEFUL.

WHAT'S THAT
BEING FLUNG AT ME?
WHAT...OH NO.
OH HOLY POOP
NOOOOOOOOO!!!

TEN MILLION GAMES AND LOGIC-DEFYING DEATHS LATER.

MEAT GEAR
SOLID 13

I'VE
BEEN TAZING
MYSELF FOR THREE
HOURS NOW. PLEASE...
GAZ... GAZ. IF YOU CAN
HEAR ME... I'M SORRY!
I'M SO SORRY!

BZZT
BZZT

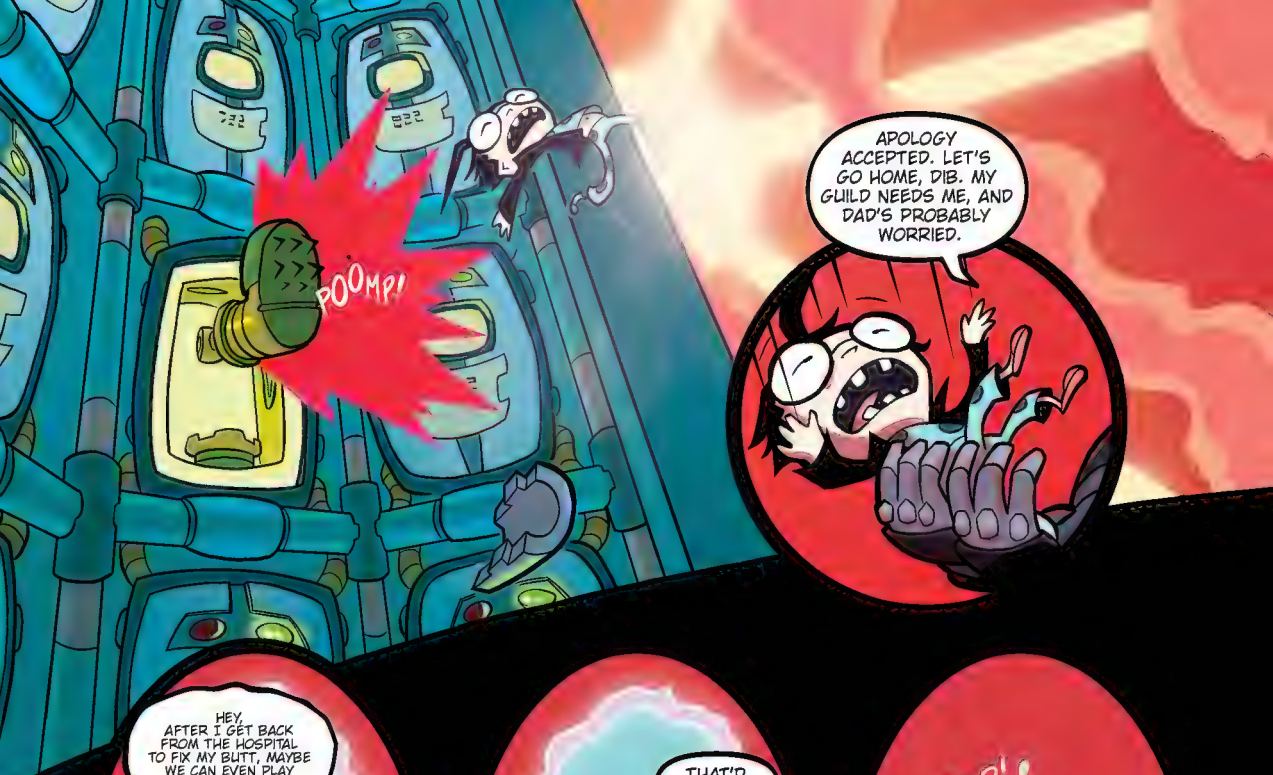
MY NAME'S
NOT GAZ. BIG BURGER.
SERIOUSLY. THAT'S
REAL DISRESPEC-

BZZT
BZZT

GAZ??
I MEAN IT. I
GET IT! I SHOULDN'T
THINK EVERYTHING I DO
IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN YOU
DOING THINGS YOU LOVE. I DON'T
HAVE TO GET YOUR GAMING, BUT I
SHOULD RESPECT IT. YOU'RE MY
SISTER AND I SHOULD PAY MORE
ATTENTION TO HOW MUCH
ATTENTION YOU DON'T
WANT SOMETIMES.

OKAY.
I'M JUST
UNCOMFORTABLE
NOW.





APOLOGY
ACCEPTED. LET'S
GO HOME, DIB. MY
GUILD NEEDS ME, AND
DAD'S PROBABLY
WORRIED.



HEY,
AFTER I GET BACK
FROM THE HOSPITAL
TO FIX MY BUTT, MAYBE
WE CAN EVEN PLAY
SOME GAMES.



THAT'D
BE GREAT.

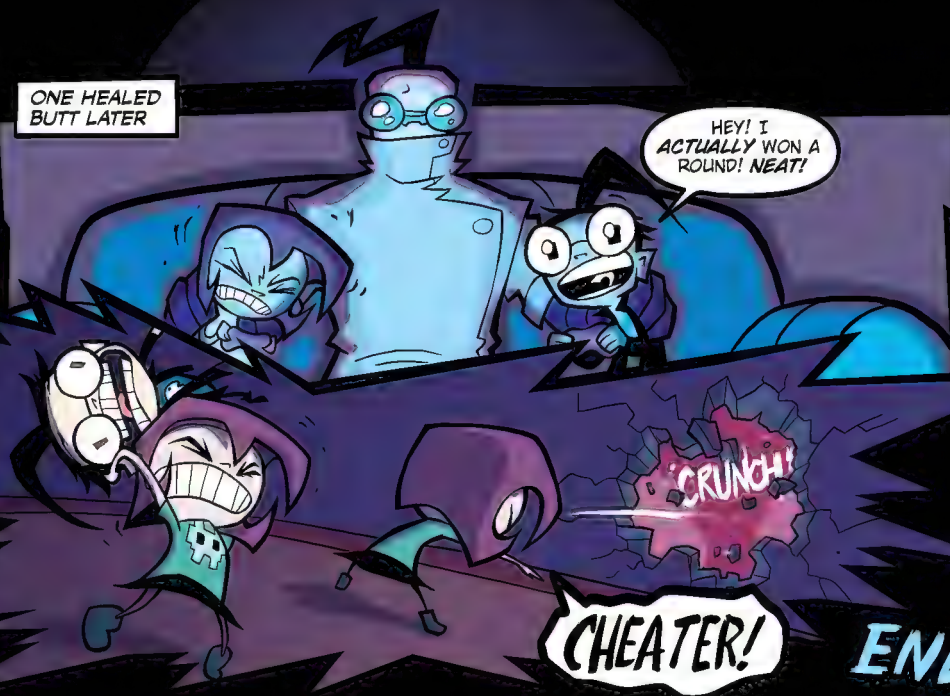


POP!



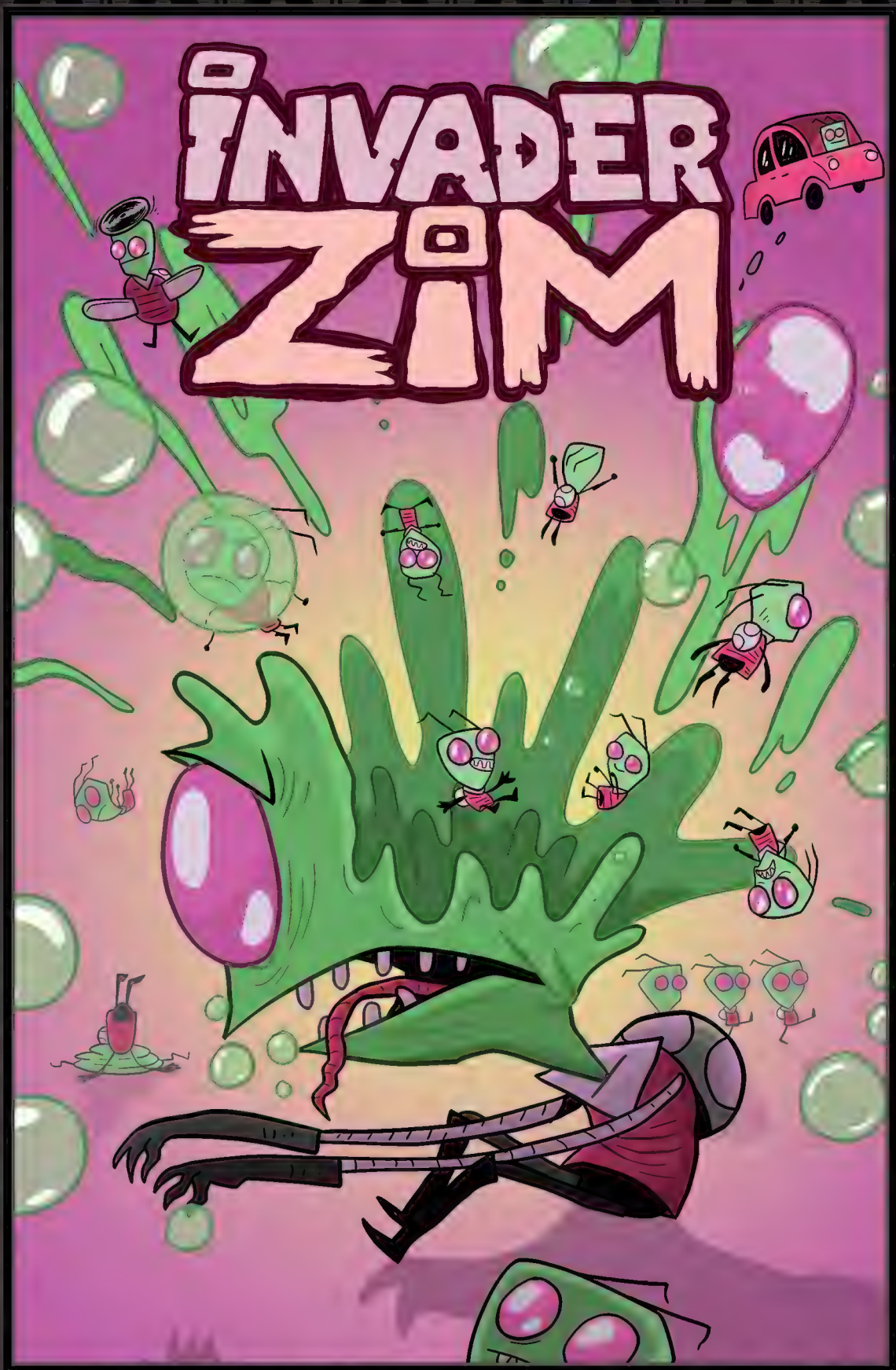
ONE HEALED
BUTT LATER

HEY! I
ACTUALLY WON A
ROUND! NEAT!



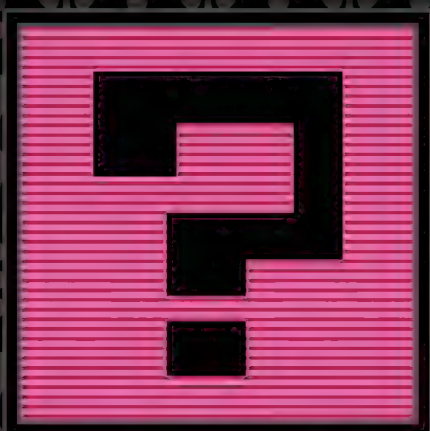
CHEATER!

END



INVADER ZIM ISSUE #6
ON SALE 1.6.16

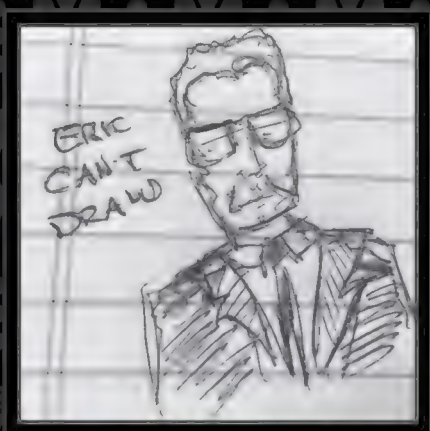




@JhonenV

JHONEN VASQUEZ

Jhonen Vasquez is a writer and artist who walks in many worlds, not unlike Blade, only without having to drink blood-serum to survive the curse that is also his greatest power (still talking about Blade here). He's worked in comics and animation and is the creator of *Invader ZIM*, a fact that haunts him to this day.



@erictrueheart

ERIC TRUEHEART

Eric Trueheart was one of the original writers on the *Invader ZIM* television series back when there was a thing called "television." Since then, he's made a living writing moderately-inappropriate things for people who make entertainment for children, including Dreamworks Animation, Cartoon Network, Disney TV, PBS, Hasbro and others. Upon reading this list, he now thinks he maybe should have become a dentist, and he hates teeth.



@essrose

AARON ALEXOVICH

Aaron Alexovich's first professional art job was drawing deformed children for Nickelodeon's *Invader ZIM*. Since then he's been deforming children for various animation and comic projects, including *Avatar: The Last Airbender*, *Randy Cunningham: 9th Grade Ninja*, *Disney's Haunted Mansion*, *Fables*, *Kimmie66*, *ELDRITCH!* (with art by Drew Rausch) and three volumes of his own beloved horror/comedy witch comic dealie, *Serenity Rose*.



@dinolich

MEGAN LAWTON

Megan Lawton is a huge bro type trapped in the body of a small art school goth. She is also a storyboard and comic artist fresh out of college, ready to fight everyone and everything in the world with her bear hands. Following her BFA in Illustration from San Jose State, she went through story internships at both Pixar and Blue Sky Studios. She probably works too much, but she parties hard enough to make up for it. Megan likes sharks, monsters and making people uncomfortable with her relentless use of puns.



@cunch

J.R. GOLDBERG

J.R. is a visual designer and illustrator who has worked in comics and animation. Not only is she responsible for making sure your eyes love the colors on the *Invader ZIM* pages, but she is responsible for all color in reality. If you see in color, thank J.R. for allowing this. Thank you, J.R. Goldberg. Thank you. She currently works and lives inside the color turquoise.



@SimonHuttT

SIMON TROUSSELLIER

Well, I'm Simon Troussellier. I'm a French artist, usually working in video game industry. Putting colors on a comic is a first one for me! So when Jhonen bat-signaled me to work on *ZIM*, how could I say no? Aliens, robots, ice cream. Everything I love. I hope nobody's eyes has been hurt by all those marvelous colors we've put together for you. A-plus!



@rikkisimons

RIKKI SIMONS

Rikki Simons colored some bits of this comic you are holding. He colored a whole bunch of the *Invader ZIM* TV series too. He was also the voice of GIR and Bloaty the Pig. He makes his own comics too, like *Ranklechick* and *Rhumbaghost*, and with his wife Tavisha he makes *The Trinkkits*, *ShutterBox*, *Super Information Hijinks: Reality Check!* and *@Tavicat* (you can find all these at tavicat.com). Rikki's hobbies include passive aggressive gardening, smiling at ducks, writing love letters to *Monty Python*, and trying to start a new Surrealist movement by arguing with a potato.



@Froregade

MILDRED LOUIS

After studying animation at Sheridan College in Canada, Mildred Louis found herself falling in love with comics as a visual storytelling medium. Currently she's working on an ongoing *Magical Girl*-inspired webcomic series titled *Agents of the Realm*, as well as a queer high fantasy graphic novel titled *Bound Blades* with its first chapter already released, and plans to continue in 2016. In her free time, she enjoys punching and kicking (in the appropriate kickboxing environments), and perusing food blogs right before bed.



@IM_CBAD

CASSIE KELLY

Cassie Kelly was born in the District of Columbia, in October of 1986. Originally starting her artistic career in product design and illustration, she only just started coloring comics in early 2015. She currently resides in Charlotte, NC, with her husband, Drew, and their children: Valentine, Rogue, Mozart, Garak, and Pickle.



@warrenwucinich

WARREN WUCINICH

Warren Wucinich an illustrator, colorist and part-time carny currently living in Durham, NC. When not making comics he can usually be found watching old *Twilight Zone* episodes and eating large amounts of pie.





**EARTHLINGS! Bow before your
eventual successor, SUCCESSOR
ZIM! I mean, INVADER ZIM!**

"There is so
much perfection
in this book you
cannot do it justice
without reading it
for yourself."
— Examiner

INVADER ZIM

VOLUME 1

Years have passed since ZIM was last spotted. Or maybe months? Definitely an amount of time, during which Dib, the only human on earth who knows ZIM's true identity, has grown more and more obsessed with discovering ZIM's whereabouts. Dib has also grown... well, he's grown. He's very large now. He's fused to his chair, he smells bad, and his sister hates him. Of course, that last part was always true.



RELIVE THE
TERROR OF WATCHING
THE INVADER ZIM
TV SHOW BY READING
INVADER ZIM
THE COMIC!

